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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, ... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

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Selections.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

WE publish below the introduction, from Blackwood, to a spirited and friendly review of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Let us imagine one of our critical successors of a century hence—that is, in the month of October, 1953—sitting musingly before a copy of a work called Uncle Tom's Cabin, which a few days previously he had taken down by chance from one of the least-used shelves of his library. May one also amuse one's imagination by a picture of the possible state of things then existing on the other side of the Atlantic, by the light of which our shadowy friend of 1953 has read the work which his substantial one of 1853 has just laid down.

—The present United States of America, after having been, perhaps, more than once split asunder and soldered together again—or the whole, or a large portion, reannexed to the mother country, and by and by again detached—after these and other possibly more or less sudden, violent, and bloody vicissitudes—have become a great Empire, under the stern, but salutary, one-willed sway of the Emperor of America: his majesty a jet black, who had shown consummate and unexpected high qualities for acquiring and retaining the fear and submission of millions of the stormiest tempers of mankind; but his lovely empress a white. He has an immense army devoted to his person and will, composed of men of every complexion—from black, through copper-middle tints, down to white; and correspondingly diversified are his banners, but black, of course, the predominant: a-quadroon being commander-in-chief. As for his majesty's civil service, he has a coal-black chancellor, equally at home in the profoundest mysteries of white and black letter; a mulatto minister of instruction, and a white secretary of state: black and white clergy, and a similarly constituted bar—here a big black face grinning out of a white wig, and there a little white face, grinning out of a black wig, with white and black hands, and gowns varied *ad libitum*. And the laws which they are concerned in administering accord with these harmonious diversities—it being, for instance, enacted, under heavy penalties, that no black shall, by gestures, speech, or otherwise, presume to ridicule a white because of his colour, nor, *vice versa*, shall a white effect to disparage a black because of his complexion: that the emperor and empress shall always be of different colours, and that the succession to the throne shall alternate between black and white, or mulatto, members of the imperial family. By this and other provisions have been secured a complete fusion between North and South; between black and white, glitteringly typified by intermingled gems in the imperial crown; the central one being the identical black diamond that figured in the famous Exhibition in Great Britain in 1851, and presented to the Emperor by one of the descendents of her Majesty Queen Victoria, then on the British throne! "To this *complexion*" shall it be that matters have "come at last?"

From a preliminary dissertation prefixed to the book, our critic of 1953 learns that it excited, almost immediately on its appearance, a prodigious sensation among all classes, both sexes, high and low, young and old, literate and illiterate, vulgar and refined, phlegmatic and excitable, shed tears over it, and wrote and talked about it everywhere; that within a few months' time, impressions of it were multiplied by millions, and in most languages of the civilized world. That its writer, an American woman, immediately came over to England and made her appearance in public assemblies, called in honour of her; and she was also "lionised" [a word explained, in a long note, as indicating a custom prevalent in that day, among weak persons, of running after any notorious person weak enough to appear pleased with it] among the fashionables and philanthropists of the day, but preserved, nevertheless, amidst it all, true modesty of demeanour, and silence amidst extravagant eulogy. Inflamed with curiosity, our shadowy successor sits down to peruse a work—then, possibly little, if ever, mentioned—anxious to see what could have produced such a marvellous effect, in the middle of the intelligent nineteenth century, on all classes of readers; and whether it produced permanent results, or passed away as a nine days' wonder. Having at length closed the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and judged it according to the critical canons of 1953, will he deem it adequate to have produced such effects? *What estimate will he form of our intellectual calibre?*

We cannot tell, and shall not attempt to conjecture. Dismissing, therefore, but for a while only, the imaginary occupant of our critical chair a century hence, let us say for ourselves, that though our silence, and that of one or two quarterly contemporaries, may have excited notice, both in America and this country, we have been by no means indifferent spectators of the reception which this singularly-successful book has met with; regarding it as one of those sudden phenomena in literature, demanding, even, a deliberate consideration of cause and effect. We apprehend no one will doubt that, to excite such attention and emotion among all classes of readers, in both hemispheres, as this work has excited, it must possess *something* remarkable; and what that is, it will be our endeavour to determine. We ourselves never read this work till within the last month, and then as a matter of mere critical curiosity, uninfluenced by the past excitement of others, and the favourable and unfavourable opinions which we heard expressed as to the merits of the work. If we could have been biassed at all, it would have been rather against, than in favour of, a writer who had been over-persuaded by her friends to come to this country, for the purpose of making a sort of public appearance, at the moment that admiration of her work was at fever height. Nothing could palliate such an indiscretion on the part of this lady's advisers, in the eyes of a fastidious Englishman, but the belief that she was a simple-minded enthusiastic crusader against American Slavery, considering that the totally unexpected celebrity of her work had offered her an opportunity of accelerating a European movement, in a holy cause, by her personal presence. Criticism, however, ought not to be influenced by petty disturbing forces like these, nor will ours. We shall judge *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by its own intrinsic merits or demerits—occasionally looking for the light which she has thought proper to reflect upon it from its companion volume, "THE KEY."

Uncle Tom's Cabin is a remarkable book, unquestionably; and, upon the whole, we are not surprised at its prodigious success, even as a mere literary performance; but whether, after all, it will have any direct effect upon the dreadful INSTITUTION at which it is aimed, may be regarded as problematical. Of one thing we are persuaded—that its author, as she has displayed in this work undoubted genius, in some respects of a higher order than any American predecessor or cotemporary, is also a woman of unaffected and profound piety, and an ardent friend of the unhappy black. Every word in her pages issues glistening and warm from the mint of woman's love and sympathy, refined and purified by Christianity. We never saw in any other work so many and such sudden irresistible appeals to the reader's heart—appeals which, moreover, only a wife and a mother could make. One's heart throbs, and one's eyes are suffused with tears without a moment's notice, and without anything like effort or preparation on the writer's part. We are, on the contrary, soothed in our spontaneous emotion by a conviction of the writer's utter artlessness; and when once a gifted woman has satisfied her most capacious reader that such is the case, she thenceforth leads him on, with an air of loving and tender triumph, a willing captive to the last. There are, indeed, scenes and touches in this book which no living writer, that we know of, can surpass, and perhaps none even equal.

No English man or woman, again, could have written it—no one but an actual spectator of the scenes described, or one whose life is spent with those moving among them; scenes scarce appreciable by FREE English readers—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, brothers and sisters. We can hardly *realize* to ourselves human nature tried so tremendously as, it seems, is only adumbrated in these pages. An Englishman's soul swells at the bare idea of such submission to the tyrannous will of man over his fellow-man as the reader of this volume becomes grievously familiar with; and yet we are assured by Mrs. Stowe that she has given us only occasional glimpses of the indescribable horrors of Slavery. To this part of the subject, however we shall return. Let us speak first, and in only general terms, of the literary characteristics of the author, as displayed in her work.

Mrs. Stowe is unquestionably a woman of genius; and that is a word which we always use charily; regarding genius as a thing *per se*—different from talent, in its highest development, altogether and in kind. Quickness, shrewdness, energy, intensity, may, and frequently do, accompany, but do not constitute, genius. Its divine spark is the direct and special gift of God: we cannot completely analyze it, though we may detect its presence, and the nature of many of its attributes, by this action; and the skill of high criticism is requisite in order to distinguish between the feats of genius and the operations of talent. Now, we imagine that no person of genius can read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and not feel in glowing contact with genius—generally gentle and tender, but capable of rising with its theme, into very high regions of dramatic power. This Mrs. Stowe has done several times in the work before us—exhibiting a passion, an intensity, a subtle delicacy of perception, a melting tenderness which are as far out of the reach of mere talent, however well trained and experienced, as the prismatic colours are out of the reach of the born blind. But the genius of Mrs. Stowe is of that kind which instinctively addresses itself to the Affections; and though most at home with the gentler, it can be yet fearlessly familiar with the fiercest passions which can agitate and rend the human breast. With the one she can exhibit an exquisite tenderness and sympathy; watching the other, however, with stern but calm scrutiny, and delineating both with a truth and simplicity, in the one case touching, in the other really *terrible*.

"*Free* men of the North, and Christians," says she, in her own vigorous and earnest way, "cannot know *what Slavery is*. * * * From this arose a desire," on the author's part, "to exhibit it in a *living dramatic reality*. She has endeavoured to show it fairly in its best and worst phases. In its *best* aspect, she has perhaps been successful; but oh! who shall say what yet remains untold in that *valley and shadow of death* that lies on the other side? * * * * The writer has only given a faint shadow—a dim picture—of the anguish and despair that are at this very moment riving thousands of hearts, shattering thousands of families, and driving a helpless and sensitive race to frenzy and despair."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

REPLY TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

WE did not design our remarks to bear against co-operation between Liberty Party men and the Old Organization, where such co-operation was possible and in harmony with the rights of both parties, but to show that unless the Old Organization changed its course towards the Liberty Party, that Party could not co-operate with it and retain its self-respect. And, although we should be glad to see a real union of effort between the members of the two Associations, we do not see how such a thing is possible unless the Society shall be first revolutionized, both in principle and practice. Advocacy of Christian Union does not require of us to co-operate with a Society which makes no pretension to being a Christian Church, any more than it requires of us to co-operate with the Odd Fellows or Masons. We do hold fellowship with Garrisonians, in whose Christian character we have great confidence, while at the same time we do not feel disposed to aid the Society as such. We doubt not there are many Garrisonians who hold Church fellowship with members of the Liberty Party, who, at the same time, could not aid in spreading the doctrines of the Liberty Party.

The editor of the *Standard* does not read history aright when he speaks of the Liberty Party as having gone over to the Free Soil Party in 1848. A great majority of the Liberty Party apostatised at that time, but the few who remained were the party, and not the multitude who apostatized. If, when the division in 1840 took place in the Anti-Slavery Society, nine-tenths of the Society had gone, not into the Liberty Party, but into the Whig Party, would not the one-tenth remaining have had a right to claim to be the Society still? So when the great majority of the Liberty Party apostatized, those who remained had a right to assume to be the Party still. They did assume this, and refuse to organize a new party or take a new name, and are, therefore, the same Liberty Party which has been so long denounced by Mr. Garrison and his friends. But suppose they were a new party, are the points of difference between them and the Society any less than those which existed between the Liberty Party and the Society in 1840? We answer, instead of there being less difference, so far as principles are concerned, it is far greater! On the Constitutional question the gap has widened every year; the present Liberty Party is more firmly settled in the opinion that the Constitution is Anti-Slavery than it ever was before; while the Society still denounces the Constitution as a compact with Slavery.

The Liberty Party is quite as decidedly opposed to the non-resistance views of the old Society as it ever was, and has widened its political platform not a little since 1840. Political action is now its only ultimate hope of Abolition, while the Society holds that all political action, in our circumstances, is support lent to Slavery. Now, if the differences in principle between the two Societies have grown with their growth, and because Messrs. Leavitt, Tappan, and a few others obnoxious to the old Society, have left, the Society proposes a coalition, does it not prove that the old controversy, on its part, was simply a personal squabble for leadership? The fact is, the Constitutional question was not the cause of the original division, but has grown up since the division. Non-resistance, and a certain phase of the Woman's Rights question, was the original cause of division. Mr. Garrison and his party opposed voting *per se*, and on the ground of its leading to a Government of force. The Constitutional question arose after that, and served to widen the issue.

The old Liberty Party was denounced for voting; it still votes. The old Liberty Party was denounced for holding to the Constitution; it now holds to it more tenaciously. The Liberty Party was denounced for starting in a road which led to a resort to force; it has since 1848 affirmed its right to resort to force and revolutionize the Government, affirming that it was only a question of expediency whether to do so or not. Now, if the old Society is ready to give up its non-resistance, its views of voting and the Constitution, and co-operate with the Liberty Party from conviction, we are glad of it. But if it intends to hold and advocate these principles, and expects the Liberty Party to do the same with its opposite principles, all talk about co-operation between the two, whether made by Sydney Howard Gay or Hon Gerrit Smith, must end in talk, and nothing more substantial. Co-operation in *moral means* is co-operation in *all* the means of the Society, while it is a repudiation of, and an effort to cripple, nearly all the means of the Liberty Party. It is co-operation on one side only, unless the Society shall change it course. Whatever progress the Society makes with its non-voting doctrine, is at the expense of the life-principle of the Liberty Party.

The *Standard* denies that the genuineness of the Abolitionism of the Liberty Party has been denied since 1848. The position of the old Society, as to what is genuine Abolitionism and what is not, is a constant denial of the genuineness of Liberty Party Abolitionism. The Society holds that the Constitution is the bulwark of Slavery. Liberty Party men are ready to swear to support this Constitution, and, therefore, according to the Society, to support the bulwark of Slavery. Is that genuine Abolitionism, to support what the Society has long declared as an "agreement with hell" to help hold the slaves? No agent of the Society ever presents its views of the Constitution without denying the genuineness of that Abolitionism which supports the Constitution. All the past denials of Liberty Party Abolitionism, previous to 1848, on this ground, are much more applicable to the Liberty Party now. If our Garrisonian friends are becoming more *inconsistent* on this point, and, therefore, more liberal, we certainly feel to congratulate them; but if they hold to their own position, it is in itself a denial of the "genuineness" of Liberty Party Abolitionism.

According to our recollection, Mr. Thompson did not use the word *Society* in his account of American Abolitionism, when he returned home. But he declared that the Anti-Slavery Society was the only reliable *Organization* in America; and the Liberty Party being an organization, of course it was denounced as unsound. Let it be remembered that Mr. Thompson was enlightening the British public as to what organizations in America were sound on Slavery, and what were untrust-worthy; and even if he did not denounce the Liberty Party by name, leaving it out of his category of Anti-Slavery organizations was to leave the impression upon his auditors that it was unsound. Even if his auditors had never heard of the Liberty Party, he, in justice to that party, should have stated its real position, while discussing American organizations. When an American journal pointed out the omission of Mr. Thompson, one of his Irish friends defended him on the ground that Liberty Party men were a set of political knaves, who swore to support the Constitution with a mental reservation!! Mr. Webb really thought this to be the truth, and had received this impression from his associations with the old organizationists of Britain and America! Of course we need not say that there never was any party in this country which held to such doctrines. Old organizationists have traversed Great Britain all over, and this is the impression that has been left by them as to the character of the Liberty Party.

The *Standard* evades our complaint against Mr. McKim under cover of the word Society, again. The same argument will apply to his case as to Mr. Thompson's. Justice demands of him, while attempting to enlighten the Scotch public as to what were the genuine Abolition Organizations in America, to mention the Liberty Party as one, if he believed it to be genuine. This was just the thing that Mr. McKim was not willing to do, because he was attempting to destroy those "malign influences which, since 1840, had been operating against the American Anti Slavery Society," or, in other words, the influence of the Liberty Party.

As to the suppression of Mr. Goodell's book, the Society did all they could in that direction. They forbid their agents to circulate it, and made it necessary for one of them to resign, in order to the enjoyment of that freedom. We know of nothing more which was within their reach. Of course they could not burn Mr. Goodell or his book. The only additional influence they could use against him was to denounce him as a knave who ought to "suffer in reputation," a work of "fraternity" which Edmund Quincy has since performed through the columns of the *Liberator*. Old Organization cannot make much progress here in New York toward union with the Liberty Party, while thus maligning its candidate, who has done more earnest and practical work for the cause than all the mere amateur reformers of Massachusetts. Mr. Goodell is at home up this way, and his traducers will find the operation quite as poor a speculation as their recent savage attack on Frederick Douglass, simply because he sided with the Liberty Party on the issues between the two Associations.

The intimation that Mr. Goodell might be the author of our article must have come from a mind familiar with subterranean tactics, and is quite of a piece with the Artful Dodger-like play between the words "dismissed" and "resigned," in stating the case of the Agent, Mr. Foster. Of course he "resigned," after being told that if he did not he would be "dismissed," if he continued to sell Mr. Goodell's book. But, Mr. Standard, will you tell us the difference between being forced to "resign" and being "dismissed." That will be a feat of moral agility equal to the above.

We did not refer to the religious differences between the old organizationists and the Liberty Party men as a bar to Anti-Slavery co-operation, but as a fact which we wished the world to understand. The *Standard* left the impression that there was a similarity of religious views. This we deny, and mean to make our denial good. Neither of the Associations, as such, have put forth a "body of divinity," but the leading spirits in both of them are on record on the subject of religion. The members of the Liberty Party are almost unanimously active members of evangelical churches. The leading Garrisonians repudiate all outward church relations. Nearly all Liberty Party men are believers in the inspiration of the Bible, while the only agent of the Garrisonians who is known to us as a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, was recently forced to resign. Messrs. Garrison, Wright, Pillsbury, Foster and Barker, repudiate the doctrine of inspiration of the Scriptures, deny the God-head of the Saviour, the obligation to the Sabbath more than any other day, and are not to be found in any church organization; nor do they acknowledge the authority of any visible church, or its officers. On all these points nearly all Liberty Party men take issue with them. This fact we desire to make public, both in this country and Great Britain, where, with a good-natured endorsement of damaged Garrisonian orthodoxy, obtained from that great and *good-natured* man, Gerrit Smith, Mr. McKim and others have been making head against the growing belief that these old organizationists were skeptical. The *Standard* does not deny the truth of our statement of the skeptical views of these men, but seeks to evade the issue by classing us off with the New York *Herald* and the *Observer*. This is an old game, and may deceive British readers, but is well understood at home. It has recently been played off on Frederick Douglass with great pertinacity. It would be an easy matter to hide the skepticism of Foster, Wright and Pillsbury, behind the pro-Slavery prejudices of the *Herald* and the *Observer*, but it won't do in our case, or in the case of Mr. Douglass. The game is up. The issue must be met.

Because the *Herald* and the *Observer* use the fact of the skepticism of these gentlemen against the Anti-Slavery cause, it does not make it the less a fact, nor are the men who are known to be true to the Anti-Slavery cause to be classed with these papers, because they proclaim this same fact in *defence* of the Anti-Slavery cause, and seek to divorce that cause from the skepticism of these, its advocates. It is quite time that this divorce took place, for the sake of truth and the cause of the slave, both at home and abroad. Already have the evangelical Churches in Scotland taken the alarm, and seriously inquired whether Anti-Slavery in America was not so linked with a repudiation of much that is valuable in the framework of Christianity that they would be compelled to withdraw from its support. Mr. McKim may have allayed this anxiety for the moment, but the occasion for it is so palpable that it will not stay allayed. To deserve and to gain the sympathy of the Christian world, this cause must shake off the incubus which has settled upon it, because its old organization advocates have so nearly traversed the circle of universal denial, so far as the leading doctrines are concerned. Humanity, and the Bible, and the Saviour, and the Church, with its organizations and its ordinances, are linked together in interest and destiny; and the good of the former is not to be attained by trampling upon the latter.

George Thompson did declaim, in our hearing, against voting, *in itself considered*. He spoke of degrading a good cause by bringing it to the ballot-box, and, to our recollection, he did not refer to our Constitution in this connection. H. C. Wright, in a reply to a speech of our own, in the same meeting, opposed voting on the old non-resistance ground, and not simply under the Constitution. If we heard with our elbows, the *Standard* Editor must have heard by *guess*, two or three years after the occurrence. The quotation from Mr. Smith, to show that the Liberty Party and the Old Organization are "essentially one," is his opinion, no doubt, but we think it a very erroneous opinion. Mr. Smith is a great and good man, but the Liberty Party does not reside in the nib of his pen, and its humblest member has the same right to speak for it that he enjoys.

The Old Society denounces the main reliance of the Liberty Party for abolishing Slavery, as a league with Slavery. Mr. Phillips made a long argument with Mr. Mann, denouncing voting as supporting Slavery. The Liberty Party regards voting as the only ultimate means of abolishing Slavery, and it will require something more than anybody's assertion to prove that these two Associations are "essentially one." If this is true, what would make different Associations essentially two?

In conclusion, we have to say, we are ready to help any man, or set of men, to abolish Slavery; but we do not see how we can, as a man of sense, coöperate with an Association which seeks to persuade the people not to do what we believe to be the only thing which will abolish Slavery—namely, voting it down.—*Progressive Christian.*

JOHN VAN BUREN'S NEW CREED.

"I REGARD this platform as in substance a declaration that the compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave Law, are to remain undisturbed during the administration of Gen. Pierce."

"This involves no approbation of those measures."

"IF MY IGNORANCE CAN BE EXCUSED, WHERE IS NEBRASKA? MY BUSINESS IS TO PRACTICE LAW, TO SUPPORT MYSELF AND CHILD."

"Charles Sumner says, we must teach our children hostility to Slavery. With the aid of Misses Cassidy's excellent school, I can teach my child without a public meeting! Mr. Sumner speaks of what we should do in our families. He is a bachelor, it is quite plain, or he would never have got the primitive notion of having a grand national organization and a public meeting in a tent, to help each other do family duty. If FREE Democracy has come to this, I prefer the old kind."—*John Van Buren, at Tammany Hall.*

"My business is"—says John, says he—
"To feed myself and baby;
Nebraska I know nought about
No more than 'bout Araby;
But this I know—that self and child
Must live, whate'er arises—
And so, for one, I acquiesce
In these great 'compromises.'

I want my 'soft' and 'free soil' friends
To be with 'spoils' provided;
And after that, their 'principles'
Can be full well decided.
While that 'old woman' M. remains
The chief, I need not ask her
To feed myself and babe—and so,
What care I for Nebraska?

There's Sumner is a bachelor,
He raves of truth and beauty,
And thinks 'the public are required'
To help in 'fam'ly duty!'
If 'Free Democracy' has come
To such a new and bold way,
For my part clearly I prefer
To follow up their old way,

If I and all my followers
Can have the 'spoils,' then seeing
The case is so, I'll stick to M.,
That is, for 'the time being.'
This approbation does not stretch
Across the 'obnoxious measure,'
But while the spoils are left to me,
Let things go at their pleasure.

With Misses Cassidy to aid,
My child shall learn free-soilism;
While I pursue the novel trade
That hunkers call 'free-spoilism.'
There's Horace Greeley, he may rave,
And call me insincere, sir;
I hear not now 'the groaning slave,'
The spoils have stopped mine ear, sir.

Just 'for the present,' I regard
The Compromise as right, sir;
When baby and myself are fed,
Perhaps I'll get 'new light,' sir.
But until then—even Mrs. Stowe,
I would not fear to ask her,
'What is Nebraska unto me?
What am I to Nebraska?'

My business, I again repeat,
Is but to practice law, sir—
Let Greeley, should he think it meet,
His own conclusion draw, sir!
To feed myself and child, if I
Were 'hard' pressed, I would ask a
Slave-drivership—'just for the time'—
Away off in Nebraska;

But spite of all—except the 'spoils'—
(I dare not growl at THAT form)
I 'spit upon,' 'detest,' 'abhor,'
The 'Baltimorean platform.'
As many a hundred streams must swell
The splendour of Lake Huron,
So many a stream of 'spoils' must feed
Prince John and Miss Van Buren."

—*National Democrat.*

BARBARISM IN VIRGINIA.

THE Old Dominion has always been half a century behind the times. For a considerable period in her early history, the education of the people at large was held in utter contempt by the crown officers of Virginia. While the Puritan settlers of New England were taxing themselves in wheat and in the stock of their meagre farms for the support of common schools, the royalists of Virginia were sneering against knowledge for the people. Said Sir William Berkely, in 1671, "The ministers should pray oftener and preach less. But, I thank God, there are no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects, into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

No wonder that in such a State "no Nonconformist might teach, even in private, under pain of banishment; and no reader might expound the Catechism or the Scriptures"; or that there was a statute in these words: "All servants, not being Christians, imported into this country by shipping, shall be slaves"; to which it was added, "Yet conversion to the Christian faith doth not make free." (Vide *Bancroft*, II., 192-3)

But that was in the same age in which our own great-great-great-great grandmother (of blessed memory!) had her feet made fast in the stocks and was pelted with rotten eggs in the pillory, for attending "a conventicle," and for teaching children from the Bible which she kept hid under her cricket; and as we would not allege our grandmother's wrongs against the present Queen of England (whom may Heaven bless with a long and prosperous reign!), so neither would we trump up the barbarous edicts of the 17th century against the present fame of Virginia.

But, unhappily, while old England has made immense progress in both civil and religious liberty, and New England has developed these to the utmost, the "Old Dominion" has in some points remained stationary in her ancient barbarism. The recent mails bring us the report of the trial, at Norfolk, Virginia, of Mrs. Margaret Douglas for teaching coloured children to read—her daughter having escaped arrest for the same crime by flight. The Norfolk *News* thus sketches the proceedings, from which it appears that Mrs. D. conducted her own defence, without much regard to the precedents of the court.

CIRCUIT COURT—JUDGE BAKER PRESIDING.—Yesterday morning, Mrs. Margaret Douglas was arraigned before this Court, on a charge of teaching negro children to read and write, contrary to the Statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Virginia. By some means, a report had been previously circulated that the lady had determined not to employ the services of counsel, but to rely solely upon her own legal abilities in conducting her defence. It is unnecessary to say that the announcement, so unusual in our anti-Bloomer and anti-Woman's Rights community, succeeded in filling our Court-room with persons anxious to witness the novel spectacle. As she entered the Court room and took her seat among the Attorneys at the Bar, a most profound sensation was created, and an unbounded curiosity to obtain a glimpse of the intrepid female who could thus boldly encroach upon the prerogatives hitherto reserved to coats and pantaloons was visible upon every countenance. The Jury had no sooner been empannelled than the lady, without waiting for the examination of witnesses, or the opening remarks of the Attorney for the Commonwealth, proceeded in a clear and melodious voice to the consideration of the charges set forth in the indictment.

"The surprise of the whole legal fraternity was so great at this sudden revolution in the time-honoured practice of the courts, that she had progressed considerably into the merits of the case before his Honour recovered himself sufficiently to inform her that it would be more regular to suspend her remarks until after the examination of witnesses was concluded. The lady readily assented to the proposition of his Honour, and the witnesses for the Commonwealth were called to the stand. By their testimony, it appeared that, some months ago, information reached his honour the Mayor, Simon S. Stubbs, Esq., of a school for the education of blacks, being in successful operation in the city of Norfolk, under the superintendence of Mrs. Douglas. A warrant was immediately issued, with directions to the officer to bring all parties concerned before him, in order that the matter might be investigated. Upon repairing to the residence of Mrs. Douglas, the officers found some eighteen or twenty youthful descendants of Ham engaged in literary pursuits, all of whom, with their teachers, Mrs. Douglas and her daughter, were taken into custody and carried to the Mayor's office.

"After a full investigation of the matter, his Honour decided to dismiss the complaint, in order that a Grand Jury might have an opportunity of giving it consideration. At the meeting of the Grand Jury, a true bill was found against Mrs. Douglas and her daughter, but the latter having previously gone to New York, process could not be served upon her. On the part of the defence, the lady examined several prominent and respectable gentlemen, members of the Church, for the purpose of showing that the practice of teaching blacks had been sanctified by the customs of the members of the different churches in the city, in having Sunday-schools exclusively for the purpose. It did not appear from the evidence of any of the gentlemen called upon by Mrs. Douglas, that they had actually seen negroes taught from books in any of the Sunday-schools of the city; but the fact, as stated by them, that nearly all negroes attending Sunday-schools could read, gave rise to a violent suspicion that many of the ladies and gentlemen of our city, moving in the highest circles of society, had been guilty of as flagrant a violation of the law as could be imputed to Mrs. Douglas and her daughter.

"At the conclusion of the evidence, the Attorney for the Commonwealth kindly gave way, for Mrs. Douglas to continue her appeal to the Jury, which was done on the part of that lady in a manner that would have reflected credit on Miss Lucy Stone, or any other member of the "strong-minded" sisterhood. She disdained to deny the charge preferred against her, or to shirk the responsibility in any way whatever, but gloried in the philanthropic duties in which she had been engaged. She denied, however, any knowledge of the existing laws upon the subject, and confidently expected that the Jury would not pronounce her guilty for having committed no other offence than that of being betrayed into error if such it was, by what she had deemed distinguished precedents. Having concluded her address, she retired from the Court, and the case was briefly concluded by the Attorney for the Commonwealth. As usual, the Jury could not agree, and were adjourned over till next morning.

"The Jury, on Friday, found the defendant guilty and fined her one dollar. The Judge, in passing sentence, according to the statute, will condemn her to imprisonment for not less than six months."

It is a crime, then, in the State of Virginia, to teach a certain class of the inhabitants to READ; and this, too, the class who, from their position in the social scale, have the greatest need of instruction. The penalty for this crime is imprisonment for not less than six months, and a fine at the discretion of the court. Now does any man in his sober senses believe that this is a crime against the State?

In a late exchange paper we find, under the head of "news items," the two following, in juxtaposition:

"Margaret Simmons has been arrested at Chicago for murdering her own daughter, aged 12 years, by beating and drowning her in a tub. The mother was intoxicated.——Mrs. Margaret Douglas was tried in Norfolk, Va., on Friday, for teaching negro children to read and write."

What will be done with Margaret Simmons, remains to be seen; perhaps she will be sent to the penitentiary, perhaps to the insane asylum. But Margaret Douglas is sentenced to not less than six months' imprisonment. Can any man place these two Margarets in the same position, before the law? The one murders her own child; this is a crime against society and the State. The other teaches poor, ignorant children to read and write. Is this also a crime against society and the State? What sort of society, what sort of a State is that where such an act is accounted a crime, to be punished with imprisonment? What sort of a State is that which deems such a statute necessary for its own protection? Is it a State founded upon freedom, intelligence, justice, and virtue, or a State in which the tyranny and barbarism of past ages linger under the forms of a popular government? The Grand Duke of Tuscany imprisons his subjects who read the Word of God in their own houses, and also imprisons the female subjects of another government who distribute Bibles within his territory. A Virginian court imprisons the citizens of the State for teaching persons to read, in their private houses, and would visit severer penalties upon citizens from another State should they attempt the same? Well, we are thankful that we do not live either in Tuscany or in Virginia, where such crimes against civilization, against liberty, against humanity, against both man and God, are perpetrated in the name of Law.

We cease to wonder that a statesman of Virginia could boast that in his district there was no newspaper, and that he desired none. Yet one would think that even Mr. Wise would blush for the Old Dominion. How can Virginia hold up her head in a confederacy of civilized and Christian States? And how long shall those States be asked to hold her barbarism in their fellowship? The free States tax themselves in every way to educate all classes of the people, and so to maintain our free institutions. Virginia makes it a penal offence to teach her most degraded inhabitants to read; keeps on her soil an ignorant horde, dangerous to the public welfare, and then demands that we give up principle for such a Union.

We commend the State of Virginia to the immediate attention of the Southern Aid Society. A State of ample territory and of vast material resources, settled under the highest auspices of royal favour, and long-time blessed with an Episcopal establishment, which after more than two centuries is still to a great extent missionary ground, dependent upon aid from abroad for the support of its rural churches, and which makes it a penal offence to teach the most ignorant and degraded of its inhabitants to read and write, has surely a large claim upon the sympathies and aid of those who have undertaken to evangelize the South without reference to its local and peculiar institutions.—*The (N. Y.) Independent.*

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE following correspondence has taken place between Lord Howden, the British Ambassador at Madrid, at Tadira, and Mr. Corbin, of Virginia, on a subject which has lately excited great interest on both sides of the Atlantic:

PARIS, Nov. 14, 1853.

DEAR LORD HOWDEN: I have been ruminating upon some of the topics of our conversation yesterday evening on American affairs, not "chewing the cud" of any "bitter fancy," for of that ingredient not a scruple ever escaped your lips during our long and friendly intercourse, when my countrymen, or country and its institutions, were the theme. One of the subjects to which I allude, and with reference to which your lordship spoke so frankly, is the suspected coquetry (I will not say intrigue) which England is said to be practicing with Spain in order to control the ulterior "destiny" of the Island of Cuba, and, meantime, to regulate its internal government and change its social economy in at least one pregnant sense of the latter expression. On this head some of the leading, and, from their relations to the Federal Government, most authoritative journals in the United States, have, in my belief, as erroneously as too hastily imputed to Downing street, and to your lordship specifically, under inspirations from that far famed locality, the design of "Africanizing" the "Queen of the Antilles." As the most efficient auxiliary to this end, she is not only to be allowed to import *ad libitum*, but to be inconitnently aided in importing the aboriginal sons and daughters of Ham in masses "innumerable by numbers that have a name," thereby rendering her not only, as is supposed, a dangerous neighbour, but an unenviable possession in the paulo-post-future for the "insatiate archers" on her northern flank. Now, the whole range and precise *modus operandi* of this portentous scheme I pretend not to comprehend even darkly; much less to indicate the ways and means, open or subdolous, by which it is to be carried into effect. I cannot do more, therefore, to enlighten you on the subject, than to commend to your attention two or three articles, with the commentaries thereon, contained in some of the Washington and other papers, herewith sent, and which I just received. Among them are the *National Intelligencer* and the *Union*—journals of repute, and conducted with sagacity; and both, it is believed, incapable of inventing or perverting facts upon any subject; and, least of all, upon one of so much "pith and moment" in a national, not a party point of view. Whence the information was derived, or how transmitted, upon which their several speculations or provisions are founded, it is not now important to your lordship, any more than it is to the object of this note, to inquire. That it has a *cis*-Atlantic origin is next to certain, and therefore the sooner it is, in the interest of truth and of both countries, nullified by an authentic contradiction, the better. You will perceive that the American papers are discussing the subject under different points of view, as best suits party purposes; but they nearly all deprecate, and with notable vivacity of expression, the project which England is said to have ever and anon in her "mind's eye," of trying to effect the early manumission of the slaves of Cuba. To this end the poor African is to be rescued from his thirsty deserts and the pursuit of his man eating *com-patriotes*, and consigned, with exquisite humanity, to a servitude under the name of "probationary apprenticeship" of ten years. At the expiration of that period, if he be reported alive, and hard-winking captains general do not, for the sake of their pockets, extend the term to that of his natural life, he is to be set free from his friends, and no more cared for by them—the "world all before him, and Providence his guide." Now, my lord, it is hardly necessary for me to assure you that my faith is not facile enough to credit the existence, or the proximate contemplation, on the part of your Government, of any such bold and bootless experiment—profitless, because its results would be mischievous to the poor negro himself. In addressing you this letter, I build largely, but I hope not too boldly, upon the genial dispositions which, for long years, you have manifested towards myself, and, if possible, still more upon the friendly sentiments and lofty, unprejudiced views which you have always entertained towards the United States. But as the subject is a delicate one for you in your official position to treat further than a correction of the statements here referred to, I would have you dispose of it as you deem "wisest, discreetest, best."

Meantime, as always, I remain, my lord, very faithfully and sincerely yours,

E. P. CORBIN, of Virginia.

To Lord HOWDEN, &c.

PARIS, Nov. 14, 1853.

MY DEAR CORBIN: I have this moment received your letter of yesterday, and I can assure you that it has not in the least embarrassed me. Our long friendship gives you a perfect right to ask me any questions that, in a public situation, I can answer with propriety, and your tact will have told you that in the present case I must be fully as anxious to impart the truth as you can be to know it. I have read the strange statements you have sent about England wishing to "Africanize" Cuba, and about the arrangements which I have been making at Madrid to that effect. I give you, in the most solemn manner such laughable (though wicked) fabrications allow, my unqualified contradiction of the whole matter. I have not the slightest hesitation in telling you what have been, during the last three years, my negotiations with the Spanish Government respecting Cuba, and you will see whether there is even the slightest foundation for the rumours which seem to have been most sedulously spread abroad in the United States. First, I have been making unceasing representations at the number of slaves annually imported into the island, and complaints of the almost open manner in which the traffic was carried on under the very noses of the captains general, always excepting the excellent Gen. Concha. Secondly, I have been making fruitless attempts to make the Spanish Government to declare the abominable practice in men piracy, that is to say, to follow the example of the United States in this particular. Thirdly, I passed my time in anxious solicitations to obtain the ultimate and complete freedom of those negroes called "Emancipados," who have been fraudulently detained in bondage since the year 1817, in disregard of treaties. I rejoice to say that the Spanish Government has listened to the dictates of justice and humanity, and has granted me this boon. Fourthly, I have been endeavouring to procure an abrogation of that intolerant and immoral law by which foreigners, wishing to settle in Cuba, are obliged to change their religion, on the somewhat startling principle (not understood elsewhere) that becoming bad men is a satisfactory preliminary to becoming good subjects. To these official negotiations I have added, at various times, friendly and officious exhortations to improve the internal system of the Island, by facilitating the administration of justice, and by liberalizing the nominations to office and employment among the natives of the Island. You will see what I really have done, or rather attempted to do, is very different from what I am said to have done in your papers. When the true state of the case is known and ignorance or malevolence dispelled, I even reckon upon the good wishes of your countrymen in the success of the measures I ask, so consonant with your own laws and institutions. In all that I have here told you with entire candour, the United States can only see the natural working of England's declared and unchanging policy in a cause which is dear to her, and Spain herself must feel that, in days like these, unless she executes her engagements and modifies her intolerance, she can never hope to enter again, and as she ought to do, in the hierarchy of nations.

Believe me, my dear, Corbin, with great regard, yours sincerely, HOWDEN.

F. Corbin, Esq., Paris.

THE GOLDEN MEAN IN MORALS.—The editor of the Chicago *Evangelist* has discovered, as he imagines, that safe and prudent middle course in morals, which the Saviour declared had no existence, and we think he ought now to be sent in search of Sir John Franklin, the North West Passage, and the *warm* Polar Sea. In an editorial on the Southern Aid Society, we offered an opinion that the true antagonistic parties in the contest concerning Slavery are those who declare slaveholding a sin against God and a crime against man, and those who defend it as an institution sanctioned by the Bible, and that, ere many years, all the combatants will take one or the other of these positions. To this the *Evangelist* demurs, and the editor declares there is a "golden mean" which most will continue to hold. This golden mean, as we suppose, is a line that a man or a church may stand on both sides of at once, or be found on neither as circumstances seem to require.

We think this excellent middle position has been very well illustrated already by the teaching of at least one portion of the American Church. As for instance:

Slavery is intrinsically unrighteous,	*but* is no stain upon Christian character.
Slavery is opposed to the law of God,	*but* it should be welcomed to the Church of Christ.
"Men-stealers" are worthy of death, *and*	*also* worthy members of a Christian Church.

This, we suppose, is holding fast to the golden mean, and constitutes the essence, so far as we can see, of the new and great discovery of the "middle passage" in morals. This neutral territory is not laid down in the Saviour's chart, for he taught that, in a question of morals, a man must be either for or against, and that he is against him who pretends to occupy a "golden mean." Let a man be either for Slavery or against it.—*Christian Press.*

A SLAVE-HUNTER CHASTISED BY THE FUGITIVES IN CANADA.—We are informed that a slaveholder named Daniel C. Payne, of Lexington, Kentucky, came to this city, last week, on a slave hunt; but he soon learned that his slaves were all in Canada, where it was impossible for him to recapture them unless they were kidnapped or decoyed over the river. So he has been for several days past crossing back and forth from Detroit to Windsor, under the false pretence that he wished to purchase land in Canada or here, with a view of making a permanent residence in this vicinity.

At other times he wished to see certain persons who had escaped from his custody, for the purpose of giving them money; or if they would come over to Detroit, he would give them free papers. Finally, he went over to Windsor, yesterday (Sunday, the 27th), where he met one of the objects of his search. He offered $10 to any man that would get the fugitive to step on board the ferry boat, saying that

"the boy wanted to go back, but hadn't the courage to start." The young man was very suddenly taken with a chill, and went to bed sick in a room at the old barracks. Mr. Payne seeing that there was no other chance, resorted to the devil's trump-card of deception.

He bought a bottle of whiskey and carried it to the bedside of the sick man, and insisted upon his drinking a full glass of it, supposing, doubtless, that if he could succeed in getting him drunk, he would get up from a sick bed and cross the river with him. But just as he was in the act of administering the delusive draught, he was suddenly knocked down by another fugitive, who, in company with the others, gave him about 100 lashes, well laid on, with a large "bull whip," brought from a southern plantation, where it had often been applied to the backs of slaves. They not only made him mindful of the many floggings he had given his slaves, but he even remembered that he was an Abolitionist of the Garrison stamp; which he most solemnly declared; referring to Mr. Bibb and other gentlemen as witnesses.

He didn't stay long in the Queen's dominions after they informed him that it was time for him to go. The climate does not agree with his southern constitution at all.

Thus ends the first attempt of the *Free Press* to carry on its business on the "Return U. G. R. R." which it advertised a short time ago. This Payne is supposed to be the "two Kentucky gentlemen" to which the *Free Press* alluded as on their way to Detroit, to carry back those coloured people who had found freedom a bore and a nuisance.—*Detroit Daily Democrat, Nov. 28.*

THE COMPROMISE BILLS.

The *Richmond Enquirer* is arguing that the only thing *settled* by the Compromise is the Fugitive Slave Law. We thought otherwise, but we may be mistaken. We thought:

1st. Congress was thereby pledged *not* to interfere with Slavery in the District of Columbia.

2d. That abolition of Slavery there was to be pretermitted by Congress, at least, until Maryland and Virginia abolished Slavery.

3d. That a territory, say now in the *practical* condition of Nebraska, was to be organized without reference to Slavery, as the people there might will.

There were various other principles, as we thought, "settled," but they were, it seems, "acquiesced" in, *pro tem*!

Everybody, then, has a right, according to the *Enquirer*, to go on and agitate

For the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

For the re-establishment of the Slave Trade there.

For the incorporation of Nebraska with the Missouri Compromise re-affirmed, as a Wilmot Proviso.

We think the South will get a little too much of "acquiesce" before it is done with it.

Again—if it be expected that we Northern men are to keep only our part of the compact—the Fugitive part—and the South is to be free upon all other parts of the great settlement, there is a mistake somewhere—somebody has been fooled—and we Northern men, who are practical men, are not likely to be the fools long—*Express.*

Remarks.

—The *Richmond Enquirer* and the *Express* are among the most devoted of Compromise journals. Neither of them is to be beaten at Union saving, unless by the other. Yet here we find them getting up an agitation of their own with respect to Slavery and the meaning of the Compromise. The *Enquirer* thinks it means negro-hunting in the Free States—all beyond this being bosh—nothing. The *Express*, on the other hand, understands it to mean a great deal more than this—namely:

No Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia; and

No legal impediment to the introduction of Slavery into Nebraska and other Territories.

Now the Compromise bills were not only silent with regard to these important points, but not one word was uttered with respect to the latter during the discussion in 1850. On what authority does the *Express* interpolate so important a condition into the "Adjustment" of that year?

Nebraska and all West and North of it were absolutely shielded from Slavery by the express terms of the Missouri Compromise. The North then bought them clear of bondage, paid a large consideration down, and took a bond. Oregon was organized as a Free Territory in direct obedience to this compact. Yet the *Express* coolly sets said compact aside, as annulled in 1850, when nothing was said about it and a leading Southern journal (the *Enquirer*) is totally unconscious that it was disturbed!

And this is of a piece with the whole conduct of those who claim to be interpreters and guardians of the Compromise. They all make it a weasel, a whale, or any thing else, as it happens to suit their purpose. The larger number generally contend that the question of Slavery in the Territories has been settled in accordance with the doctrine of General Cass's Nicholson's letter, when in fact there has not only been no such settlement, but *Gen. Cass has enunciated no principles on which the question* CAN *be settled.* See here:

Gen. Cass's doctrine in substance is that *each Territory shall be Free or Slave as the majority of its people shall decide.* That is the doctrine of the Nicholson Letter, and all of it. Well: admit it, and what shall be its *condition* PRIOR *to any decision of this question by its people?* For instance.

A., B. and C. are the first settlers, we will say of Utah, or of some Territory not yet named. B. takes with him a slave, and that slave sees fit to show him his heels. There is as yet no constitution, no organization, no compact, no laws, but those of the United States. Now has B. any legal right to reclaim that slave? And can he call on A. and C., or on the Federal Government to help to catch the negro and make him return to his work?

This question Gen. Cass never answered either in the Nicholson Letter, or in his nineteen-column speech, expounding and enforcing its positions. He left the vital point untouched. If a slaveholder may legally remove his slaves to a new Territory and there hold them in bondage (as the South has contended) under the Constitution of the United States, without any further or other law to justify him, then is the Main Question settled in favour of Slavery; if he may not so hold them, but must have some act of organization or legislation, squatter or otherwise, to warrant his exercising a master's authority in such Territory, then Slavery has but a slim chance of gaining a foothold there. Hence Jeff. Davis, while supporting Gen. Cass for President, expressly repudiated his Nicholson letter doctrines.

Men love to be cheated, when they suppose they are to profit by it. The present "acquiescence" in the Compromise is a case in point. The South understands by this acquiescence a repudiation of the Wilmot Proviso and of all attempts to prohibit the establishment of Slavery in our present or future Territories. The North—not merely our Barnburners, but the Senator Hamlins, Gov. Clevelands, and John Wentworths—understand very differently.—"Acquiescence" is a game of reciprocal cheating, which will come to an end some time. Our Hards and Softs are a little a-head of their allies in other States—as New Yorkers are apt to be—that is all.—*Tribune.*

HON. J. R. GIDDINGS IN ROCHESTER.

Mr. Giddings delivered a lecture before a large audience, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 29th, in Corinthian Hall, Rochester. His subject was, "The Exiles of Georgia." These exiles consisted of a portion of the Creek Indians, and Fugitives from Georgia Slavery, who fled to Florida, to escape the efforts of the State Government and the Federal Government to re-enslave them. The field of discussion led Mr. Giddings through the enormities connected with the blowing up of Blount's Fort, leading to the Seminole wars, and finally, resulting in the removal of the Indians into the Territory of their worst enemies, the Cherokees, and their final abandonment to Indian slave-hunters, which led to their heroic flight to Mexico, after having, under Wild Cat, defeated, in a pitched battle, their pursuers.

The Lecturer presented to us a new phase of the negro character, proving that the race is capable of great military heroism. Some of the most desperate battles ever fought on this Continent were fought by these fugitive slaves and their allies. It is this trait of character in the African race, which is yet to win the sympathy of the world. It is, as yet, a half animal world, and cannot, or will not, appreciate any more refined trait of manly character than animal courage. When the negro, like the Pole and the Hungarian, shall astonish the world by his military prowess, he will win its sympathy and achieve his freedom. We do not urge the negro to war, but we state what we believe to be a philosophical fact.

But this lecture developed another phase in American history, which made our ears tingle with shame, and our blood boil with indignation. We mean the villainy of the officials of this Government, from the President down to the swindling Indian Agent, Galphin. Neither the partition of Poland, the murder of Hungary, or the enormities of British rule in India, present a more mean and cowardly specimen of civil perfidy, piracy and murder, than this passage of American history. It will will go down the stream of history as parallel, in deserved infamy, to the dark tragedies referred to above.

Mr. Giddings is doing a great work of justice in dragging these things to light. His lecture is to be published, and we hope it will be universally read. He looks the man he has marked himself to be on the tablet of his generation.—*Progressive Christian.*

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COMPROMISES.

[We place on record those portions of President Pierce's Message in which he refers to Slavery and the Compromises.]

We are not only at peace with all foreign countries, but in regard to political affairs are exempt from any case of serious disturbance in our domestic relations.

The controversies which have agitated the country heretofore are passing away, with the causes which produced them, and the passions which they have awakened, or if any trace of them remains, it may be reasonably hoped that it will only be perceived in the zealous rivalry of all good citizens to testify their respect for the right of the States, their devotion to the Union, and the common determination that each of the States, its institutions, its welfare, and its domestic peace, shall be held alike secure under the sacred ægis of the Constitution. This new league of amity, and of mutual confidence, into which the people of the Republic have entered, happily affords inducement and opportunity for the adoption of a more comprehensive and unembarrassed line of policy and action as to the great material interests of the country whether regarded in themselves or in connection with the powers of the civilized world.

* * * * * *

It is no part of my purpose to give prominence to any subject which may properly be regarded as set at rest by the deliberate judgment of the people. But while the present is bright with promise, and the future full of demand and inducement for the exercise of active intelligence, the past can never be without useful lessons of admonition and instruction. If its dangers serve not as beacons, they will evidently fail to fulfil the object of a wise design. When the grave shall have closed over all who are now endeavouring to meet the obligations of duty, the year 1850 will be recurred to as a period filled with anxious apprehensions. A successful war had just terminated. Peace brought with it a vast augmentation of territory. Disturbing questions arose, bearing upon the domestic institutions of one portion of the confederacy, and involving the constitutional rights of the States.

But, notwithstanding differences of opinion and sentiment which then existed in relation to details and specific provisions, the acquiescence of distinguished citizens, whose devotion to the Union can never be doubted, has given renewed vigour to our institutions, and restored a sense of repose and security to the public mind throughout the confederacy. That this repose is to suffer no shock during my official term, if I have power to avert it, those who placed me here may be assured. The wisdom of men who knew what independence cost—who had put all at stake upon the issue of the revolutionary struggle—disposed of the subject to which I refer in the only way consistent with the union of the States and with the march of power and prosperity which has made us what we are. It is a significant fact that from the adoption of the Constitution until the officers and soldiers of the revolution had passed to their graves, or, through the infirmities of age and wounds, had ceased to participate actively in public affairs, there was not merely a quiet acquiescence in, but a prompt vindication of the constitutional rights of the States.

The reserved powers were scrupulously respected. No statesman put forth his narrow views of casuists to justify interference and agitation, but the spirit of the compact was regarded as sacred in the eyes of honour, and indispensable for the great experiment of civil liberty, which, environed by inherent difficulties, was yet borne forward in apparent weakness by a power superior to all obstacles. There is no condemnation which the voice of freedom will not pronounce upon us should we prove faithless to this great trust. While men inhabiting different parts of the vast continent can no more be expected to hold the same opinions, or entertain the same sentiments, than every variety of climate or soil can be expected to furnish the same agricultural products, they can unite in a common object and sustain common principles essential to the maintenance of that object.

The gallant men of the South and North could stand together during the struggle of the Revolution; they could stand together in the more trying period which succeeded the clangour of arms. As their united valour was adequate to all the trials of the camp and danger of the field, so their united wisdom proved equal to the greater task of founding, upon a deep and broad basis, institutions which it has been our privilege to enjoy, and will ever be our most sacred duty to sustain.

It is but the feeble expression of a faith strong and universal, to say that their sons, whose blood mingled so often upon the same field, during the war of 1812, and who have more recently borne in triumph the flag of the country upon a foreign soil, will never permit alienation of feeling to weaken the power of their united efforts, nor internal dissensions to paralyze the great arm of freedom, uplifted for the vindication of self government.

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In like manner, as a manifestly indispensable condition of the perpetuation of the Union, and of the realization of that magnificent national future adverted to, does the duty become yearly stronger and clearer upon us, as citizens of the several States, to cultivate a fraternal and affectionate spirit, language and conduct in regard to other States, and in relation to the varied interests, institutions, and habits of sentiment and opinion, which may respectively characterize them. Mutual forbearance, respect and non-interference in our personal actions as citizens, and an enlarged exercise of the most liberal principles of comity in the public dealings of State with State, whether in legislation or in the execution of laws, are the means to perpetuate that confidence and fraternity, the decay of which a mere political union on so vast a scale could not long survive.

FATE OF THE UNION-SAVERS.

Poor Jerry Clemens! Poor Cobb! Poor Foote! The three great Union-savers of the South, all sent to the dogs in a single year! It will be a theme of mournfully indignant comment on the part of the Castle Garden Committee and their organs, but we have faith to believe that they have simply gone to their own places. If they saved the Union, let the Union feed and clothe them. But for the South, stripped of her rights, dishonoured and betrayed by them and their like, it is not for her to be grateful for such services. Let the section which took the booty pay the cost of the adventure.—*Charleston Mercury.*

The conspicuous "Union-Savers" of the North have been just as harshly treated as their brethren at the South. Every one of them has been discarded by the Administration. The farce having been played out, by the election of Pierce to the Presidency, there is no further use for the actors.

The "Union-Saving" furor will constitute the most ridiculous episode in the political history of the country. The chief heroes of that memorable contest will have no worthy compeers, until, instigated by their wonderful chivalry, some kindred band of panters after immortality shall seek to prop up the Rock of Gibraltar.

But the baseless character of their claim to distinction for services rendered in "saving the Union" forms no apology for the ingratitude of Franklin Pierce. He classed himself with them, and was profited more than any other man by the "Compromise" fever. It is black ingratitude, therefore, in him to foster Davis, Fitzpatrick & Co., while he turns his back upon such men as Foote, Cobb and Dickinson.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

The South has gained nothing but a loss by this law. It was a stupid blunder on the part of Southern statesmen. The value of the Slave lost is eaten up if capture follows, while hatred to the institution abroad and opposition to it at home are increased by its *hard features* and the *barbarous enforcement of them.*"—*Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.*

For uttering less than this measure of treason to the "Fugitive Slave Law" Whigs were removed from office by Mr. Fillmore, and Whig Newspapers were denounced by the New York Cotton Committee. It required, one year ago, downwright hardihood to say that the Fugitive Slave Law contained "hard features" or that the enforcement of them was "barbarous."

It was the custom of the New York *Express*, with other journals of that stripe, to get up a huzza upon the capture of every alleged "Fugitive." To all such "Slave-catching" was a luxury.

We have endured all sorts of reproach and obloquy for speaking of the "hard features" of this "barbarous" Law. We have said, and still mantain, that it would be better, whenever a Fugitive has been found in a Free State, and identified, to pay a fair equivalent for the "labour and service" he owes, from the United States Treasury, than to "enforce this barbarous" Law. And we now venture the prediction, that when facts can be ascertained, the expense of executing this Law, so far, exceeds the amount that would have been required to pay the full value of every "Fugitive" reclaimed under the Law.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

The Union-Saving Business.—For two or three years most of our Statesmen and Politicians were engaged, very profitably, in the Union-Saving business. Then, nothing else paid so well. In our Cities the Merchants enrolled themselves as "minute men" to wake and watch with the Union. Members of Congress signed a "Pledge" never to vote for any man for any office, the first article in whose creed was not, laying all other business aside, to aid in the capture of Fugitive Slaves. The Merchants of New York, beside the $5,000 to a Virginia Slave-grower for the Woman and Children he brought to that city, presented Mr. Fillmore with a Coach and Horses. And finally, the Union-Saving question, ignoring Gen. Scott as disloyal, elected Franklin Pierce President by overwhelming majorities.

But here, we cannot precisely see why the Union-Saving movement ceased. President Pierce called Jefferson Davis, a Disunionist, into his Cabinet. John Van Buren, who for a season was as "Woolly" as we are, and who defeated Gen. Cass in 1848, was taken into favour, while Daniel S. Dickinson was discarded. The Administration is down, also, upon Ex-Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who was, we believe, the Father of that "Compromise" by which the Union was saved. And in Georgia, Speaker Cobb, who was the leading Union and "Compromise" man in the House of Representatives, has just been beaten by Gov. M'Donald, a Disunionist, who had the support of the Federal Administration. Union-Saving is no longer, therefore, a paying business. And not paying, the New York *Express*, of course, backs out.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

Stop the Runaways.—*Last Report from this Branch of the Underground Railroad.*—Twenty-four fugitives arrived here on Wednesday morning, 23d inst. They were closely pursued by slave-hunters, who arrived in Detroit about the same time, offering a reward of one thousand dollars for the apprehension of the victims of their search; but the invisible train on which the fugitives came (being under ground) was imperceptible to slave-hunters until they reached the Canadian shore.

Three more were landed here this morning, and two last night, from Kentucky. We bid them welcome to Canada: there is work enough here on the Great Western Railroad to employ 500 able-bodied men at fair wages.

Since the above was written, we have learned from a passengor that he came up the Lake from Ohio, last night, in company with a slave-hunter from Lexington, Kentucky, who was in search of the slaves which had escaped from him. He was a lawyer by practice, and made many inquieies of our informant about the coloured people about Detroit, Windsor and Amherstburg. But little did he think that he wes then talking with an Abolitionist, who knew that the very fugitives that ho was in pursuit of was then on board of the same boat, and yet it was even so. He told our informant that he meant to stop at Amherstburg (Canada) and spend the night—we suppose to see if the objects of his search were there. When the boat landed at the above port, the slave-hunter was among the first passengers to go ashore, and was very soon followed by the two fugitives, though unobserved by him. We suppose, however, that he had the pleasure of seeing them the next morning.—*Voice of the Fugitive, Nov. 26th.*

Coloured People's Election.—There were exciting times, yesterday, among the coloured population of the city, growing out of the election of a delegate to the National Council—an institution lately organized for the purpose of devising means to benefit coloured people generally. Mr. W. H. Topp, Merchant Tailor, Broadway, was the regularly nominated candidate, and was the choice of the aristocratic "coloured pussins." The bone and sinew—the underground democracy—set up Stephen Myers, who, everybody knows, is the people's candidate. The polls opened at an early hour, yesterday morning, and the greatest possible excitement prevailed about the City Hall all day. The contest was carried on with great spirit and enthusiasm by the friends of both parties. Every nook and corner in town was dragged for voters. Even the basin and river crafts were raked, and patriotic coloured men who never before enjoyed the privilege of expressing their sentiments through the ballot-box were marched up to the polls, flanked by the friends of the candidates. The pulling, hauling, coaxing and threatening were excellent imitations of the scenes witnessed at the polls on a general election among white people. Every voter had to pay ten cents for the privilege of voting, which goes into a common school fund for coloured people. The fun and excitement attracted the attention of a large crowd of people. The election was conducted in good nature, and passed off quietly. The election resulted in the choice of Mr. Topp. It was close work, however, as he beat Mr. Myers by only 2 votes. Mr. Topp's friends fired a salute last evening in honour of the victory.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

Justice to a Negro in North Carolina.—A case has been tried this week, before the Superior Court for this county, involving principles interesting to that portion of the Northern people who look upon us of the South as barbarians. It was a suit brought by a coloured man for his freedom, and the jury gave a verdict in his favour. We give the facts of the case.

George Allen (coloured) brought an action of trespass viet armis against Elkanah Allen (white) for that the latter had illegally deprived him of his liberty. The evidence on the part of the plaintiff consisted of a record of emancipation of one Clara Beal or Allen, by one Elkanah Allen, her master, and the grandfather of the present defendant, and under whom he claimed. The record bore date July 26th, 1808, at a court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the county of Brunswick. It was admitted that Clara was the grandmother of the present plaintiff, and the mother of Kitty Ann, mother of the plaintiff. The issue submitted to the jury was, "was Kitty Ann Allen, mother of the plaintiff, born subsequent or prior to July 26th, 1807?"

It was objected on the part of defendant, that the act of emancipation was not valid, for the reason that there was no evidence to satisfy the Court that the bond given by Elkanah Allen, the grandfather of defendant, was executed by him, and that there fore the act of emancipation was not perfect, but void. It was contended by plaintiff's counsel that the bond formed no part of the record, and that if the master filed his petition to the Court, praying permission to emancipate his slave, and that the prayer was granted, the slave stood ipso facto free. 1st. Dev. and Bat. Bryan vs. Wadsworth. And that the act of Assembly required the bond to be filed under certain penalties, but did not make the liberation of the slave to depend upon that act. The fiat of the Court, upon hearing the petition, liberated the slave, if favourable to the master's wishes. Upon these facts being submitted to the jury, they rendered a verdict in favour of the plaintiff.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Herald, Oct. 29.*

Western Sentiment.—The Synod of Wabash, at its late meeting, adopted, with great unanimity, the following resolutions, in reply to two questions propounded to them by overtures, viz.:

1. "Is it right to disobey the law of Congress known as the Fugitive Slave Law?"

2. "Is it right to disobey the law of Indiana founded especially on the thirteenth article of the State Constitution?"

Resolved, That this Synod regards both the enactments referred to as being, in their essential features, features, directly opposed to the principles of Christianity, the dictates of humanity, and the inalienable rights of man; therefore,

Resolved, further, That in respect to the obligation to yield obedience to those requirements, no one, in our opinion, can be at a loss how he should decide who believes that in all cases in which human laws come in conflict with the Divine Law, it is his duty "to obey God rather than men."

Destructive Conflagration—The printing and publishing establishment of Harper & Brothers, together with some of the surrounding buildings in Cliff Street and Franklin Square, was destroyed by fire, on Saturday last, between 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M. About 2,000 workmen were suddenly turned out of employment. The fire originated thus: a plumber who was at work in the lower part of the building, arranging some water pipes, lighted a piece of paper for the purpose of lighting his cigar or pipe, which having done, he carelessly threw the burning paper into a vessel containing camphene, the man supposing it was water. In an instant the liquid was in a blaze; the flames communicating to a thin partition, burning into a small apartment where was kept a considerable quantity of camphene, for the purpose of cleaning the rollers of the printing presses. The fluid in this room was instantaneously in a blaze and the flames were carried by the strong draught through the hatchways, and openings for the dumb-waiters, into every story of the building. The first and most important work done was the rescuing of the male and female operatives by the Hook and Ladder Companies assisted by their brother firemen, Police and citizens.

The long ladders were quickly hoisted to the windows on both streets, and by careful management the vast number were carefully landed in the street within the short space of 20 minutes from the time the alarm was first sounded by the Hall bell. Several of the girls were very nervous, and while descending the ladder with firemen and others, two or three of them fainted, but were speedily resuscitated at a drug store in the immediate vicinity. The whole edition of *Harper's Magazine* for January was destroyed. The loss of the Harpers is estimated at $1,400,000,000, of which four hundred thousand was in their buildings, the remainder being their immense stock of publications, presses, type, and the other materials of their vast publishing establishment. We understand that the insurance on the whole amount is but $200,000. Other parties also lost heavily.—*Tribune abridged.*

A number of free persons, from the interior of this State, arrived in this City a day or two since, on their way to Liberia. We understand that several applications have been made within a few days to the officers of the Missouri Colonization Society, for aid in being transported to the Colony of Liberia.—*St. Louis Republican, 28th ult.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

THE TWENTIETH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar

WILL OPEN ON

Wednesday, December 21st,

AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, SCHOOL STREET,

And, for objects of novelty, antiquity, art, taste and curiosity, fashion, convenience, elegance, dress and household ornament, it affords an opportunity to be found nowhere else for the selection of Christmas and New Year's presents. We cannot furnish a full advertisement, some of our most elegant and useful foreign boxes being yet on their way; but among the very great variety of articles received are included the following. Besides the usual vast amount of bead work, Berlin worsted work, knit work, net work, morocco work, carved work and patched work, after the latest invention and most approved fashion, many rare specimens of art, *bijouterie* and *vertu* demand particular description. Among these are porcelain lamp shades, by which the light is tempered to weak eyes and delicate health, and the mind transported to various celebrated and beautiful spots in Europe and Asia, among which are the following: Interior of Notre Dame, Vaults of St. Denis, Swiss Chalet at Griendenwald, Chateau at Carcasonne, Scene near Constantinople, Swiss scene in the North of France, Cathedral of Amiers, Scene near St. Cloud. Bohemian Glass Jugs, *Bobeches*, Vases and Paper Knives, Busts of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Camoens, Alfieri, Rachel in *Phésbre*, in Aobrienne, Lecouvreur, Bérenger, Cromwell, Joan of Arc, Madame Recamier, Mary Stuart, Madame De Maintenon, Raphael, Arago, Goëthe, Schiller, Shakspeare, Victor Hugo, Michael Angelo, Charlotte Corday, Murillo; the medallion of Mrs. Stowe, made during her stay in France, by the celebrated sculptor David d'Angers, and sent by him to the Bazaar, with others of the Italian patriot Mazzini and Arago. The Chateau of Chillon, in oils, by Dutel. A Portfolio of photographic architectural studies, principally of Parisian monuments, Notre Dame, the Louvre, and others. A head of the Saviour in biscuit, of much merit. Card Cases of the oak taken from John Knox's house in Edinburgh, with drawings of the scene where he first administered the sacrament.

Porcelain.

Vases; Cream Jugs; Extinguishers; Candlesticks, Inkstands; Baskets; Tea-cups, of elegant varieties; Boxes; *Tasses a la reine* (the stand or saucer of which is also a cover for the cup); beautiful Tea-sets for children; Plates or Card Receivers, exquisitely painted in groups of flowers; Cologne Bottles, gilded or decorated in admirable taste; one Lilliputian set of the characters of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in Dresden china.

Swiss Wood-work, Basket, Paper-knives, Cups and Work-boxes, carved and painted.

Toys.

Puzzle Boxes; boxes of Toys, comprising villages, poultry yards, gardens, &c.; Toys exhibiting characters and costumes, among which are the French officer and sapeur of the Old Guard, the dame de la Halle, the peasant woman of the Pyrenées, the sailor company of troops of the line; Mariner's Compass in a ring; Dolls of every kind and variety.

Bronzes.

Cumberworth's beautiful Statuette of the Woman of Colour with her children, the pendant of the one presented from the Bazaar, last year, to Mrs. Stowe. The opportunity of studying it as a work of art is alone worth a visit to the Bazaar. Pastille Burners; Vases for flowers; Tropical Leaves; a Bell by Fenchères. All the above are rare and admirable for their artistic merit. Besides these are Candlesticks, Vases, Inkstands, Presse Papers, &c.

E benisterie d'art.

The above name is given in Paris to a description of inlaid work too artistic in design and execution to be called a manufacture. It is made in small square work-boxes for ladies, lined with silk and decorated with flower groups, by eminent artists, on alabaster set in ebony; in perfume cases fitted up with gilded crystal, and smaller boxes inlaid and enamelled with tortoise shell and gold.

Russia Leather Work.

Pocket Books; Card Cases; Portmonnaies; Ladies' Reticules; Writing Cases and Tourists' Cases, with other articles, too numerous to mention, of De La Rue's exquisite workmanship.

Paintings and Drawings, in all the various styles of art; small view of Algiers, in gouache, very beautiful; a view of Snowden, in oils, of great merit; Portfolio of scenes in Switzerland, England and Scotland; Sketch of Dieppe, *dessin a la plume* by Monsieur Bunout, the same whose sketches, in the same style, of the environs of St. Germain have just been presented from that city to the Empress.

A magnificent Portfolio, richly inlaid and studded, presented by Madame De Stael to the Bazaar; Bog-oak Ornaments and Brooches; a variety of Ladies' Ornaments, in new styles.

A large and beautiful collection contributed, for the first time, from Germany includes very exquisite Bohemian Glass; Rentlingen Lace; Toys of an entirely unique description; a Panorama of the Wurtemberg Alps; coloured Bronzes from Hanau; Table Mats, of different coloured woods, which roll up; Lithographs and German Books, and a variety of articles entirely new in our market; a large collection of interesting Books, in many cases presented by the authors, and accompanied by their autographs; also several rare volumes not elsewhere to be obtained in this country; Boy and Birds, with engravings by Landseer, the blocks of which have been destroyed; valuable autograps; a large collection of most exquisite Honiton Lace; embroidered Sleeves, Collars and Handkerchiefs, very beautiful; Highland Shawls and Bristol Baskets from the Blind Asylum; Papier Maché Writing Desks; Work-Boxes; Blotting Books and Card Cases; Note Paper and Envelopes, of every description; new Music and Waltzes for the Piano; a most exquisite Ivory Fan, a genuine *Louis Quinze.*

The above named articles comprise but a portion of the collection.

Scarfs of the following patterns: Royal Stuart, Lass of Ardentinny, Lass of Annandale, Lady McBeth, Helen McGregor, Lass of Gala Water, Shepherd's Lassie, Meg Merrilles, Lass of Ballochnyle, Lass O'Gowrie, Shetland Shawls, of unrivalled fineness and beauty.

Anne Warren Weston,	Louisa Loring,
Mary May,	Henrietta Sargent,
Ann Greene Phillips,	Helen Eliza Garrison,
Charlotte S. Sargent,	Elizabeth Von Avnim,
Sarah Shaw Russell,	Susan C. Cabot,
Lydia D. Parker,	Frances Mary Robbins.

The *Progressive Christian's* reply to some remarks of the *Standard* in relation to the Liberty Party will be found on the first page. We are compelled to postpone our comments thereon till next week.

TWENTY-THIRD CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

The crowded condition of our columns, last week, prevented even the briefest notice of the opening of Congress on the 5th inst, and of the President's Message, which was read to both Houses on the following day. Of that document, little need now be said, as all who care for it have read it ere this, and there was nothing in it which entitles it to be remembered for so long a time as has elapsed since its delivery. It was a State-paper of the usual length, contrived to say a good deal about various topics of public interest, not very positive upon any, excepting that a reduction of the Tariff is recommended, and the necessity of preserving the Union is insisted upon as the whole duty of Man. If our criticism seems brief, probably it is not more so than the memory of most of the readers of the Message, who will hardly recollect anything more of it than that it begun with 'fellow-citizens,' and ended with 'patriotic devotion.'

The proceedings of the two Houses have been, thus far, of little interest. David R. Atchison, of Missouri, is the President of the Senate; and Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, and J. W. Forney, of Pennsylvania, are chosen, respectively, Speaker and Clerk of the House. Both bodies have provided themselves with Chaplains, who are both Methodists, and both from the South; as preliminary to the choice in the Senate, the politics of the candidate were inquired into; and it being ascertained that they were 'hard,' it was concluded that his prayers would be acceptable, and he—his name is Slicer—was chosen. In the House, the vote of Mike Walsh was given for the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown. The House has chosen for its printer Gen. Armstrong, of the *Union* newspaper, who is 'Soft,' or, at least, ranges with the Administration in the Democratic division; but the Senate, by a large vote, raised its standard in the 'Hard' camp, by the choice of Beverly Tucker, of the *Sentinel*, as its printer—a result which foreshadows some fighting, and created a panic among the faithful at such an opening of the campaign. 'Hard' and 'Soft' are the only parties known at the Capital, as the Whigs may properly be returned as *non est inventus*, for all practical purposes. The Senate is 'Hard' in its Committees, upon which, by the bye, Mr. Chase is admitted, this session, but Mr. Sumner is still held as "outside of all healthy organizations." Mr. Speaker Boyd's Committees are of the 'Soft' formation.

All this settles preliminaries, but beyond that, and hearing the Reports of the several Heads of Departments, nothing has yet been done of any moment.

THE FREE-WILL BAPTISTS AND "THE KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Mrs. Stowe sends us the following letter to her from the Rev. Joseph Wallis, written on behalf of the Free-Will Baptist Association. She requests that it may be published in the *Standard*, "not only as an act of justice to that Association, but also as an important moral testimony against the sin of Slavery." The credit claimed by Dr. Wallis for his church is, as far as we know, strictly its due; it has ever kept itself clear of any ecclesiastic connection with slaveholders. There is, however, one particular in which, if we are not mistaken, it has failed to be consistent, viz.: in permitting its members to support Slavery through their active connection with pro-slavery political parties:

Dear Madam: Permit me, before mentioning the precise subject of this letter, to express my grateful feelings for the indications of yearning sympathy and vehement earnestness with which you have pleaded the cause of the down-trodden slave, together with my admiration of the beauty and energy of your style of composition. May you live to see the day when a "purer language shall be turned" on the Christian Church, with regard to this monstrous iniquity, and when all professed followers of the Lamb shall begin to unite their prayers and energies for its complete extermination. To proceed now to the circumstance which has led to the writing of this letter. At an Association of the New Connection of General Baptists, held at Birmingham, in June last, I was deputed as Chairman, to call your attention to one or two circumstances overlooked in your account of what the Christian Church has done in opposition to Slavery. The brethren assembled were quite certain that the omissions were occasioned solely by the want of information; and that when the evidence of them is presented, no one will be more willing to supply them than yourself.

In several parts of your truly excellent publication, "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," you refer to the Quakers as the only body of professed Christians, who, in their organization, terms of fellowship, and rules of denominational action, are entirely free from the sin of giving a sanction to Slavery. Honourable mention is made of the Scotch Seceders, of the Independents, and of some other religious communities, as having, to a certain extent, acted with consistency in opposing this enormous wrong. But no allusion is made in any part of the work to the Free-Will Baptists; a denomination which extends from Maine to the Mississippi, and which numbers about 30,000 communicants; and with which we have fraternized for several years by the interchange of annual epistles. It will doubtless give you pleasure to learn that there never have been slaveholders in this religious body; that their terms of communion forbid the reception of them; and that, though repeated applications for incorporation with them have been made with large bodies of communicants, they have been unanimously rejected by the Annual Conferences, because the applicants would not go the whole length of our brethren in their repudiation of Slavery. In the organization of the National Anti-Slavery Society, they were represented; and after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law bill, they were among the first of the religious bodies in America that passed resolutions condemnatory of that odious measure. In fact, their protest against Slavery has always been out-spoken and decisive. The New Connection of General Baptists, to which the writer has the honour to belong, would not own them for a single moment were they to compromise their principles in relation to this great sin. We not only regard Slavery as a moral evil, but as a sort of aggregate of it; including in itself every element of impiety, selfishness and cruelty; a spiritual pestilence, which, in the natural course of things, is dangerous to the spiritual health of the community around it; a flagrantly impious institution compared with which those of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, were comparatively harmless. Having these views, dear Madam, we sympathize with you in your anticipations of the retributive thunders of eternal justice against its supporters.

As our sympathies, aims and efforts in the cause of freedom are coincident with your own, and as we believe our Free-will Baptist brethren deserve encouragement, we request that, in some future edition of your truly valuable work, you will make a kind of reference to the consistency of their conduct, in relation to this important branch of Christian morals.

I am, on behalf of the Association, yours, very respectfully,

Joseph Wallis,
President of the Baptist College, Leicester.

September 29, 1853.

The Trial of a libel case, brought against the New York *Herald* by Mr. Fry, the operatic manager, has been in progress, in this city, during the past week. The counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Jordan, in the course of his argument, remarked: "When the streets of Astor-Place were stained with the blood of our citizens—when a meeting of Abolitionists (a class of men to whom I do not belong, but who are certainly a very peaceable class) was broken up by Capt. Ryndera with a select corps of patriots, what hand the New York *Herald* had in producing these events, I will not undertake to say." It is something new for Abolitionists to be spoken of with respect by an impartial person and a distinguished lawyer in a Court of Justice, and may encourage us to hope that the time will come, within the life of some of us, when not the *Herald* only, but all other newspapers that excite the mob to violence against Anti-Slavery people, shall be held up to public scorn and reprobation.

MR. HALE'S LECTURE.

The Course of Lectures instituted by the New York Anti-Slavery Society was opened by Hon. John P. Hale, on Tuesday evening last. The audience was large, filling all the eligible seats in the Tabernacle. Mr. Hale spoke nearly an hour and a half, without notes, and acquitted himself to the full satisfaction of his auditory. He was frequently and enthusiastically cheered, especially in those parts of his lecture which were most radical in sentiment and bold in utterance. His positions, of course, were those of the Free Soil party, but he uttered himself in no narrow or partisan spirit. The *Tribune* gives the following brief sketch of the lecture:

Mr. Hale took for his subject the vindication of the course of lectures to which his own effort was designed to be introductory, and made an ingenious and forcible plea for the free discussion of Slavery. He drew from the store-houses of history, poetry, and fiction, a number of striking facts and fancies, which he used very aptly in the illustration of free thought and free speech as a necessity of the human mind.

The attempts made to suppress freedom of inquiry in matters of science in former eras were referred to and successfully ridiculed. Such was the attempt of the ecclesiastical power to suppress the world-concerning and world-benefitting discoveries of Galileo, who, on rising from his knees, after his recantation of his glorious theory of the planetary system, whispered aside, "But the earth moves, nevertheless!" So with the project of Columbus. When his magnificently hopeful programme of the opening of a new world to the light of civilization and the blessings of progress was first modestly broached, he was confronted with texts of Scripture to show the impossibility of the earth being a sphere. But such obstacles were not sufficient to stay the progress of truth. The earth did move, and a new world was discovered and peopled.

A disposition had been shown to forbid the investigation of the Slavery question. According to the expressed wish of some of its defenders all other institutions might be discussed but it. Even the profoundest secrets of the Universe, and the very attributes of its Great Architect, were, in the view of such, topics of allowable scrutiny. They might be spoken and written of ad libitum. The severest scrutiny and profoundest analysis might be applied to these. But not so of Human Slavery. When the children of "the freest Republic on earth," as this had been called, grateful for the blessings which their fathers had won for them through suffering and blood, and anxious to justify the hopes of those who had gone before them, in the fullest application of the blessing bequeathed, looked upon the crouching slave, "a man and a brother" as he was, and inquired "How is this?" they heard the whisper of "Silence! It won't do to discuss so delicate a topic as that—it is too peculiar in its nature for human scrutiny!" But the lecturer had greatly mistaken the genius and temper of the American mind if it was prepared for tame submission to any such restriction upon any subject in the wide universe of thought.

John Wesley had denounced Slavery as the sum of all villainies and the epitome of all crimes. Ex-Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, had pronounced it the very corner-stone of our liberties and the wisest of Divine Providences. The question naturally arose: Which of these positions is true? for they could not both be true. How was this question to be settled except by discussion? He neither doubted as to which side of the question he would find his auditors, nor their determination to allow no embargo whatever upon the freest and fullest thought upon this as upon other less presumptuous institutions of the earth.

The lecturer proceeded to take up, seriatim, several topics to illustrate the disposition of the slave power to enlarge itself at the expense of all that was hopeful in the present or the future of our nation. He called attention to the fact, that all the immense additions of territory added to the original area of the Union were made at the Southern end, while not the first foot of land had ever been added to the Northern. The rule of subtraction was employed as to the latter, for it should not be forgotten that the only treaty ever made for the cession of territory to a foreign power was one which took from the area of Freedom. We had gotten large slices from free Mexico, which, as far as was permitted, had been devoted to the despotic sway of Slavery. Cuba was now the object of Southern ambition and strategy. It was no secret that a diplomatic agent had been authorized to pay $100,000,000 for the sovereignty of that little island! Who doubted the purpose of the desired acquisition? It was well understood that a large portion of the inhabitants of the Canadas, feeling their almost oneness with us in religion and governmental tendencies, desired annexation. When was there a serious movement in behalf of their annexation? So of the Sandwich Islands. The people of this glorious group had actually applied for annexation, and been spurned from the door of the Government—and this in view of their acknowledged value to our commerce in various respects. They were left as a field of intrigue for France and England. And why? Simply because it was feared that the question of their annexation would open anew the Slavery discussion! As though it had ever been or could be closed, while a slave was found upon American soil!

The public lands were made an interesting topic of the lecture. The free distribution among landless settlers was urged with various arguments, potent enough to all but slaveholders. They did not want the public lands settled by freemen, with free muscles and free souls—by foreigners driven from their foreign oppressed homes. And thus, while at the fair computation of 800,000,000 for the world's inhabitants, and 1,300,000,000 acres for our public domain, there would be an acre and a half for every inhabitant of the world. And yet Slavery would fain shut out the starving landless millions from the waiting boon of Heaven, and even forbid the mention of its existence! This topic was further and very forcibly discussed by the lecturer.

The last topic introduced was cheap ocean postage. The spirit of Freedom gave an incentive to have all the nations of the earth to become in sentiment and sympathy as one great brotherhood. Nothing would so rapidly realize this grand ideal as cheap ocean postage. Then it would prove a precious boon to friends separated by emigration from the loved ones in lands of oppression, while spreading sentiments of freedom throughout the world. This, too, the slave power ferred, and would forbid to be discussed, if it could.

The lecturer closed with an eloquent appeal to the young men of his audience to study well and learn to appreciate the genius and true glory of our Constitution, which he assured them he did not come to destroy, but to commend, believing as he did that it was designed for progress and not for retrogression—to secure the blessings of liberty instead of the curses and scourges of Slavery. He hoped they would never be allured by the deceptive influence of political preferment, but to seek nobler though less ostentatious spheres of life. It was for this nation, with the aid of her virtuous sons, to illustrate once and for all the value of true liberty—to cause this Republic to share the fate of Rome, whose power Slavery had crushed to the dust—or to pursue a career which should prove all glorious, while perpetuating untold blessings as the legitimate work for which it was designed by its founders.

Mr. Hale's lecture occupied about an hour and a half. It was listened to by a large audience, whose frequent plaudits gave unmistakable evidence of pleasure. The association at whose instance it was delivered have reason to be fully satisfied with it as giving a most favourable "start" to their projected course.

We congratulate the members and friends of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, and the friends of freedom generally throughout the country, upon the auspicious opening of this Course of Lectures. The great object of the Society was, to secure a thorough discussion in this city of the great question of Slavery, in all its bearings, by persons representing the various phases of Anti-Slavery sentiment. This object is now in a fair way of being achieved. We trust that the speakers, one and all, may be listened to, as Mr. Hale was, in a candid and magnanimous spirit, and, above all, that the disgrace affixed to the reputation of New York by the mobs of years gone by may be entirely removed by the evidence which this Course of Lectures will afford that Freedom of Speech is re-established amongst us.

—The Second Lecture will be delivered on Tuesday evening next, by Hon. John Gorham Palfrey, formerly editor of the *North American Review*, Secretary of State of Massachusetts, Member of Congress, and author of Papers on the Slave Power. His subject will be "The Political Usurpations of the Slave Power"—a topic which his eminent scholarship and the studies of many years will enable him to treat with distinguished ability.

Voyage to Europe.—We learned, a short time since, that our highly esteemed friend, Parker Pillsbury, was about to cross the Atlantic, with a view to the restoration of his health, which has been much impaired by long and severe labour in the lecturing field. In a letter to the *Bugle*, Mr. Pillsbury speaks of his contemplated voyage as follows:

I am trying to approach the bliss which some have denominated "*a masterly inactivity.*" To me, however, it seems but a vision of the fancy. True, I do not lecture except on the Sundays. But a thousand things just now distract me. First, the ordinary preparation for winter, increased as it is, by my late four months absence in the West. Then the preparation for a still longer tour, on which I propose to enter the first of January, is engrossing much of my spare time. Then my ill health, as a final consideration, impels me to forego as much labour, especially mental, as possible.

The tour of which I speak, to commence on the first of the year, is one long contemplated, and earnestly

desired. It is a voyage to Europe. In October, the condition of my health compelled me to write the General Agent a letter, declining the labour of lecturing during the coming winter in the employment of the Society. While my letter was on its way, another was coming to me from a young and excellent friend of mine in Massachusetts, proposing a trip to the Mediterranean. And knowing how poorly Anti-Slavery has paid in the "material aid," he generously proposed to bear no inconsiderable portion of my expenses.

The offer seemed almost a special Providence. At any rate it can be so considered. My health had become too poor for longer field service at present. My agency had been resigned, or at least the resignation tendered. My family are in as good condition to be left as ever before—perhaps better—and so now seems my time. And then the stern inevitable of *destitution of means*, has been in part struck down by the generosity of a few friends, whose kindness I am striving in vain, I fear, to deserve—and on the whole, my prospect is as flattering almost as could be desired.

My hope and expectations are, to visit Britain, France and Italy, and to do something for the cause of Freedom and Humanity, in my absence, but more on my return—for my object in travelling will be by no means achieved if both body and mind are not greatly strengthened for the work to which I have consecrated my life.

We heartily congratulate our friend upon the probability of the fulfilment of his long cherished wish to see the Old World. No man in the Anti-Slavery ranks has laboured with a more earnest self-devotion, and few have done more than he to disturb the guilty lethargy of the pro-slavery Church, or to baffle the designs of pro-slavery politicians. Both in New England and the West he has endeared himself to the friends of the cause, no less by his private virtues than by his public labours. If the severity of his speech has sometimes compelled our dissent, or offended our taste, it has never diminished our admiration of his moral heroism, his unbending integrity, his sublime devotion to principle, under whatever temptations, discouragements or trials. As a Reformer, he is of the school of Luther rather than that of Melancthon; but however harsh and startling his tones may sometimes be, his heart is generous and tender as woman's, responsive alike to every sentiment of beauty and every appeal of humanity. Our English friends, who have heard from American pro-slavery sources so many reports of his dreadful "infidelity," will be glad to learn, as they surely will, by personal intercourse with him, that he has been grossly misrepresented and abused.

INVASION OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

The Mexican territory of Lower California has been invaded by a small party of 45 fillibusters (pirates), fitted out at San Francisco (undoubtedly under instructions from the slaveholding Oligarchy of the U. States), who landed at La Paz, deposed the Mexican Government and proclaimed the Territory an Independent Republic! This is the Texan game played over again with an audacity that nothing but the recent political triumphs of the Slave Power and "the base bowing of the knee" on the part of the North in the enactment of the "Compromises" could have inspired. Having pledged the politicians of the North to forbear agitation, and placed in power an Administration whose whole influence is directed to "crush out" the spirit of freedom, the slaveholders are hatching new projects to extend and perpetuate their hellish system and to augment their power in the national councils. Mexico will of course demand redress at the hands of the United States for this invasion of her domain, but the Administration will contrive some Satanic juggle whereby the territory will eventually be annexed to the Union, to be carved up into as many slave States as the slaveholders may desire.

We copy the Proclamation wherein the invaders have set forth the particulars of their valourous exploits and initiated "the whole world and the rest of mankind" into the mysteries of the latest method of establishing a Republic.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE REPUBLIC OF LOWER CALIFORNIA, Nov. 7, 1853.

Report of the Independence of Lower California.

On the morning of the 17th of October we sailed with the first Independence Battalion for Lower California. The command, consisting of forty-five men, our voyage was a prosperous one to Cape St. Lucas. We landed on the 28th October; there we gained some information of importance, and proceeded on our way to La Paz. On the 3d day of November, our vessel cast anchor opposite the town. A party was ordered by Col. Walker to land, take possession of the town, and secure the person of the Governor—Lieut Gillman commanding the party. In less than thirty minutes the town was taken, and the Governor secured.

We hauled down the Mexican flag in front of the Governor's house, proclaimed the independence of Lower California, and our independent flag floated triumphantly where, but a few moments before, that of Mexico had waved in supposed security. Our men, provisions and munitions of war were landed, the town fortified, and Col. Walker entered upon his duties as President of the Republic of Lower California, issuing such decress as were most congenial to the citizens, as well as to the security and comfort of his command. Here we remained until Sunday, Nov. 6, when the President determined to remove the seat of Government to St. Lucas. In accordance with his determination we embarked, taking with us ex-Governor Espinosa. A small detachment was dispatched to bring Col. Rebollero on board the vessel; this order was promptly executed.

About an hour after this occurrence, a party was sent on shore to procure wood. While in the act of returning to their boats, they were fired upon by a large party of citizens; this commenced the first action. This party consisted of but six men, who returned to the vessel under a heavy fire of musketry, without losing a man. Meantime fire was opened upon the town, with our ordinance, which was kept up until Col Walker landed with thirty men, when the fight became general. From the time of landing until the close of the action (a signal defeat of the enemy) was about one and a half hours. The enemy's loss was six or seven killed, and several wounded. Our men did not so much as receive a wound, except from the cactus, while pursuing the enemy through the chapparal in rear of the town. Thus ended the battle of La Paz, crowning our efforts with success, releasing Lower California from the tyrannous yoke of Mexico, and securing the establishment of a new republic.

The commercial resources, and the mineral and agricultural wealth of the Republic of Lower California, compare favourably with those of her sister Republics.

Our men are all in fine health and spirits, and are as noble and determined a body as were ever collected together.

The officers who composed the Government are as follows:

WM. WALKER, President of Repub. of Lower Califor'a.
FREDERICK EMORY, Secretary of State.
JOHN M JARNAGIN, Secretary of War.
HOWARD A. SNOW, Secretary of Navy.

Military.

JOHN CHAPMAN, Major of Battalion.
CHAS. H. GILMAN, Captain of Battalion.
JOHN MCKIBBER, First Lieutenant.
TIMOTHY CROCKER, Second Lieutenant.
SAML. RULAND, Third Lieutenant.

Naval.

WILLIAM T. MANN, Captain of Navy.
A WILLIAMS, First Lieutenant
JOHN GRANDELL, Second Lieutenant.

Our Government has been formed upon a sure and firm basis. The civil code and code of practice of Louisana has been adopted for the rule of decision in our Courts, and as the civil law of the land. We arrived at Cape St. Lucas, Thursday, Nov. 8. On the morning of the 9th the Mexican cutter Geneva cruised off the Cape. Our appearance was so formidable, she deemed prudence the better part of valour, heeled to and gave us the slip. In the evening our troops again embarked for Magdalena Bay, where the President contemplates establishing the seat of Government for the present.

REV. ANTOINTTE L. BROWN delivered a lecture in Providence last week, which is thus noticed in the *Providence Journal*, the organ of the "upper class" Conservatism of that city:

"The "Old and the New," a subject fruitful of discussion, a theme for dissertation, one upon which all minds love to linger, and one, too, which the *progression of our time*, with all its startling attendants, has made so familiar to us, was the material of Miss Brown's lecture last evening. So compact, intelligent, and so highly attentive an audience has not yet distinguished the lecture season as that which, on this occasion, filled Westminster Hall. The novelty of such a spectacle, the gratification of the curious, and the eminent intellectual character of the speaker, all contributed to such a result.

Conservatism, covered with the dust of the past, gray, cold and powdered, was treated with the respect due to antique yet venerable things and ideas. Progress, with its bright promises and fascinations, was presented to the vision as a moving panorama; and the auditor kindly informed that centuries and centuries of ages were yet to pass, but man would still be in the infancy of his progress.

The lecture was sprinkled all over with rich metaphors, with graphic figures, and that rare quality of modern productions—"originality." The ideas expressed were clothed in beautiful language, such as none but the finest intellectual gifts could produce. Sentences superbly framed; periods rounded with a grace not surpassed by the numberless gems of the great English essayist. With a manner subdued, governed by genuine modesty, far removed from that haughtiness which many supposed would be predominant, there was not one that did not leave the hall with the most profound respect for the rare mental endowments of the speaker.

Miss Brown, we learn, is to attend the meeting of the Progressive Friends, at or near Kennett Square, Pa., to-morrow (Sunday). She will no doubt meet with a cordial welcome among that denomination of Christians.

PETITIONS TO CONGRESS.

WE concur most heartily in the sentiment expressed by some of our contemporaries in favour of sending Anti-Slavery petitions to Congress during its present session. The impudent avowal, on the part of the Administration at Washington, of its deliberate purpose to "crush out" the spirit of Abolitionism, should awaken the friends of the cause to new efforts. Let us teach the "lords of the lash" and their tools that the more they try to stop the Anti-Slavery agitation, the more it CANNOT BE STOPPED; and while they are laying the flattering unction to their souls that the Abolitionists are discouraged and almost ready to relinquish their efforts in utter despair, let us give them, in the abundance and variety of our petitions, irrefragible evidence of our vitality and of our fixed determination to give them no peace till justice is done to the wronged and spoiled. Among the topics for petition, we mention the following:

1. Slavery in the District of Columbia, its unconstitutionality and wickedness.
2. The Domestic or inter-State Slave Trade.
3. The exclusion of Slavery from new Territories.
4. The repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.
5. Asking Congress to take proper steps for so amending the Constitution as to abolish Slavery in every part of the country.

We entreat the friends of the cause in every town and city to take immediate measures for the circulation of petitions on the above subjects, or such others as may seem to them proper. Don't wait for somebody in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, to provide suitable forms, but provide them for yourselves, and circulate them as widely as possible. If your own immediate representatives in Congress cannot be relied upon to present them, forward them either to Mr. Chase, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Seward, or Mr. Wade, of the Senate, and either to Mr. Smith, Mr. Giddings, Mr. Davis of Rhode Island, Mr. De Witt of Massachusetts, Mr. Campbell or Mr. Wade of Ohio, or Mr. Sabin of Vermont, of the House.

THE *National Standard* volunteers a titular appendage to our English correspondent, Mr. Chesson. It styles him "Rev. F. W. Chesson." He is not a minister or preacher of any religious body, and will be as much surprised at the announcement as if dubbed D.D. The "Mr. Hemming" referred to by the *Standard* is an American Wesleyan preacher, in connection with the New York Yearly Conference. Being quite a young man, he knows nothing of the history of the division between the "Old and New Organization," which would be as profitably forgotten as remembered by those of us who know of the humiliating story and the long-nursed strife between the parties.—*Wesleyan.*

We are obliged to the *Wesleyan* for the information conveyed above. As for the division between the Old and New Organizations, we see not how it can be forgotten while the intolerant and sectarian spirit out of which it grew is kept alive. The American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society originated in a spirit of bitter sectarian hostility to Mr. Garrison, and a determination to blast his influence and drive him and his friends from the field. The men without whose efforts it could not have been kept alive have done their worst to make the whole world believe that the American Anti-Slavery Society is an infidel association, that no one could support without being defiled. Organized upon a basis which practically excludes all except the so-called "evangelical" sects, it goes to England concealing its history and making an appeal for funds upon grounds which it utterly repudiates at home. Mr. Hemming, we have no doubt, is acting in good faith, but some of his employers are playing a deceitful game. If the American *and Foreign* Society wishes to raise money abroad, let it not attempt to do so by professions of non-sectarian liberality to which its whole history gives the lie.

LUCY STONE.—A line from her, dated at Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 6th, informs us of her intention to lecture in St. Louis next week. She will probably return from the West in about a month, being under an engagement to lecture in this city, on Slavery, Jan. 24th, and at Ogdensburgh Jan. 26th. Well does she say, "It is a great gain to the Anti-Slavery cause to be admitted by slaveholders to lecture before them on any subject." Abolitionists, she may rest assured, have watched her course with deep interest, regarding her reception in the slave States as a precursor of the time when slaveholders will give heed to the gospel of freedom.

We copy from our exchanges the following notices of Miss Stone and her movements.

The ladies at Maysville, Ky., presented a pair of pantaloons to Miss Lucy Stone, in due form.—*Exchange.*

If some of the editors who devote so much attention to heaping ridicule upon Miss Lucy could only obtain their deserts, they would soon be appropriately presented with new petticoats "in due form."—*Baltimore Clipper.*

TAKEN IN.—Miss Lucy Stone, who has created quite a sensation in Louisville and Cincinnati lately, came down upon a gentleman on the Maysville Packet in true "Rowland for an Oliver" style. The Reverend gentleman hearing that Miss Lucy was on board, sought her out in a hurry and commenced a discussion with her. Not finding it very easy to make headway by argument, he speedily had recourse to authority; and, in round and dogmatic terms, denounced her as a young lady who had not consulted the ancient authorities in the original tongues, but was yet holding an unblushing controversy with him, whose peculiar business it was to do so. Hereupon Miss Lucy replied that she had consulted the authorities in the original tongues, and proceeded to overwhelm the gentleman with many quotations from the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, about which it was at once manifest that he knew nothing at all. Finding that he had caught a regular Tartar, the gentleman rushed for his state-room, amid shouts of laughter and applause.—*Columbus (O.) Statesman.*

DUMAS.—The remark in the last No. of the *Standard*, in relation to the probable reception that would await Dumas should he visit this country, may have seemed extravagant to some people; but that it was not, we have this good evidence in a paragraph of the *Home Journal*. "This celebrated author," says the *Journal*, "is a mulatto, and, though a titled and most fashionable man in Paris, it is easy to imagine the discussion that it would create in a rural neighbourhood to have him settle down among them as the large and splendid land-proprietor and magnificent gentleman that he would undoubtedly be." The discussion would be quite as great in a city community as in a rural neighbourhood, and the conflict anywhere between American toadyism for celebrities of all sorts and American prejudice against any taint, however slight, of negro blood would be edifying and instructive. It is only just, however, to add that the editor of the *Home Journal* acknowledges that he should like Dumas 'vastly for a neighbour'—a confession which should make him a subject of the discipline of the Union-Saving Committee.

GOOD WORDS FROM THE PULPIT.—Notices of the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course of Lectures were sent to various clergymen in the city, with a request that they might be read to their respective congregations on Sunday last. How many of them complied with the request we are not informed, but we know that the notice was given by Henry Ward Beecher and Rev. S. Longfellow of Brooklyn, and by Rev. H. W. Bellows and Rev. Mr. Graham (Freewill Baptist) of this city. The three first named took occasion to express a warm personal interest in the lectures, and to invite the members of their respective congregations to attend them. Mr. Beecher was particularly hearty, and Mr. Bellows not less so, in both the matter and the manner of the invitation. In the name of the slave and of those who have often felt it to be their duty to rebuke the short-comings of the pulpit, we thank them.

GERRIT SMITH.—Some surprise has been expressed that the name of this eminent champion of Liberty, and the representative of a distinct phase of Anti-Slavery thought and opinion, is not found in the list of lecturers before the New York Anti-Slavery Society. It is due to the Society and the public to say, that Mr. Smith was most earnestly invited to take part in the lectures referred to; but that, while he heartily approved of the plan, and felt a strong desire to comply with the wishes of the Committee, the pressure of his private business just before his departure for Washington, and the feeble state of his health, compelled him to decline. We are not without hope, however, that if the success of the Lectures already advertised shall seem to warrant further effort in the same direction, and the state of Mr. Smith's health shall interpose no obstacle, he may be induced to present his peculiar views in a Supplemental Discourse. Compelled to decline the honour of commencing the Lectures, he may, perhaps, have the opportunity of bringing them to a worthy consummation.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY, who have been giving concerts in this city and vicinity for some weeks past, are still here, and will remain for some time longer. They are engaged to sing as follows:

Newark,	Dec. 19th.
Morristown,	" 20th.
Rahway,	" 21st.
New York,	" 22d.

The concert at the Tabernacle on the 22d will be the opening one of a series, to continue through the holidays. The harmonies of these mountain minstrels are as popular as ever, and they can hardly fail to sing to full houses where they sing at all. It is their purpose, we understand, to go to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, before the close of the winter.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (see first page) places a far different estimate upon the literary qualities of Uncle Tom's Cabin from that of Graham's Magazine and other similar publications in the United States, whose opinions of books, as of everything else, are shaped to suit the Southern market. Among all the American critics who have spoken contemptuously of Mrs. Stowe's work, there is not one who would not think his fortune made if he could only secure an approving word from Blackwood. The truth is, that Mrs. Stowe, in seeking the welfare of the oppressed, rendered a service to American literature for which every American author and citizen should be grateful.

THE *Windham County (Vt.) Democrat* has been suspended, not for lack of patronage, but because the feeble health of the publisher required him to withdraw from the business. The *Democrat* has for many years been conducted with eminent tact and ability by Mrs. C. I. H. NICHOLS, from whom we part with regret, but with earnest wishes for her future happiness and usefulness, and in the hope that her retirement from the editorial profession may be only temporary.

GERRIT SMITH, our readers will be very glad to learn, was so much better in health on Monday last as to be able to take his seat in the House. He had previously expressed the fear that he would be compelled to resign—an alternative that would have been a source of dissapointment and pain, not alone to his immediate constituents, but to the friends of liberty throughout the country. We trust he will be able ere long to lift up his voice in the body of which he is a member in behalf of the great cause which lies so near his heart.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOT CORN: LIFE SCENES IN NEW YORK, INCLUDING THE STORY OF LITTLE KATY, MADILINA, THE RAG-PICKER'S DAUGHTER, WILD MAGGIE, &c. With original designs, engraved by N. Orr. By SOLON ROBINSON. New York: Dewitt & Davenport, 160 and 162 Nassau st.

New York is growing humane, or else, wanting new excitement, is taking to morality for a change. The most popular play ever acted here is Uncle Tom's Cabin, and a pictorial representation of fugitive slaves shooting their pursuers, large enough to cover the square in Charleston where, a few years since, they burnt a northern mail for containing some few Anti-Slavery picture-books, adorns the front of Barnum's Museum, to the admiration of the thronged thoroughfare. So 'Uncle Tom' is followed by 'Hot Corn,' and all the sympathy there is to spare from the southern slave is poured out upon the Five Points. We are glad to accept the most charitable construction of this new enthusiasm, and believe that there is a new awakening to a sense of the duty of human charity. It is a noticeable fact, by the bye, and one, too, that speaks in favour of the 'Hot Corn' movement, that these recent efforts in behalf of the wretched and debased denizens of the Five Points are beginning already to be recognised and denounced by the religious press as of 'infidel' tendency. It is not impossible that the time may yet come when Noah Webster will no longer be looked to for a definition of that term.

The tales collected together in the volume before us have all, we believe, been published in the *Tribune*, and their popularity has been such as to suggest their preservation and circulation in this more permanent form. They are literally life-scenes in New York, and are such as anybody may see enacted for himself, if he will go, any day, in certain quarters, with open eyes and an open heart. Their value consists not merely in their being illustrations of the poverty and suffering to which so large a class is exposed, but in their tracing these to their more obvious causes, and especially to Intemperance. The volume is a handsome one, and a new interest is given to the stories by well-executed plates.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. No. 1. ALFRED E. BEACH, No. 86 Nassau street, New York.

This monthly paper of 32 pages is intended to be an illustrated record of Agriculture, Mechanics, Science, and useful knowledge. It is not, perhaps, very much to say of it that this specimen number is the best illustrated newspaper ever yet issued in this country; it is higher praise to say that it is positively excellent, and that it is filled with a great variety of useful and entertaining matter. It should rival the old 'Penny Magazine' as a candidate for popular favour, as, in its form, its illustrations, and in paper, it is superior to that, and not less valuable in its letter-press. Its price is only a half-dollar a year.

WHAT THE SISTER ARTS TEACH AS TO FARMING. An Address before the Indiana State Agricultural Society. Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau street, New York.

The distinguishing mark of this address of Mr. Greeley is good common sense. The 'Old Fogyism' of Farmers meets with as little mercy as he gives to 'Silver-Greyism' in his paper or on the stump. It is a pamphlet which the old farmer had better not put into the hands of the boys, unless he has just read it himself, and likes it, else there will be trouble in the barn-yard. The old man had better read it, at any rate, and in the end probably it will do him good, whatever he may think of Book Farming and of Agricultural education that is not got at the plough-tail.

THE NEW HYDROPATHIC COOK BOOK. By R. T. TRALL, M. D. Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau street, New York.

The leading objects of this work, the author says in his preface, are to present a summary of principles and facts in chemistry and physiology which apply to diet, and to supply those who are not familiar with the details "of cooking on hygienic principles" with the necessary directions. A glance at the book shows that he has brought together a good deal of information, which may be useful to those who are neither hydropathists nor vegetarians. We refer to the advertisement in another column.

LECTURES ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER, TEMPTATIONS AND MISSION OF YOUNG MEN. By Rev. RUFUS W. CLARK. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1853.

The author of this book takes no narrow view of the formation of the character of the young, but includes in his lectures the whole range of the practical duties and relations of every-day life, inculcating rather essential morality than what is, too often, distinguished as religious teaching. As, professionally, a religious teacher, he, of course, devotes some chapters to that element of character, but the duties and temptations which, in every day of a busy life, are to be fulfilled or overcome are the chief topics of his book, presented with such force and show of reason as to commend them to all sober-minded young men who may seek such aid to thier own reflections and good motives. The author is, we believe, an Episcopal clergyman, and it was hardly to be expected that he should touch the question of reform without warning his readers against "extravagancies," but it is much that he should insist upon the duty of sustaining the philanthropic sentiment of the age, which demands a repentance and abandonment of popular sins and vices. So his book is one that may on the whole be cordially commended.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY—*December.*—The No. before us completes the Second Volume, and is—contrary to the proverb—a good ending of a good beginning. It has not been our good fortune to see the Monthly regularly, and, perhaps, for that very reason we are better able to judge of its improvement, or its persistence in well-doing, as we compare this and the last No. with the earlier No's. of the First Volume. We pronounce it to be so much more than well sustained, that a reading man does not keep well up with current literature who does without it. "My Chateaux," in the December No. is a paper we would be sorry not to have read; and one who has not yet visited the Great Exhibition might be glad to see the illustrated article which makes the leader, and which is a pleasant description of the Fair and its most notable objects. It is marred, however, we cannot help observing, by some invidious and uncalled for allusions to the Woman Rights question, which we did not look for in a paper written, as this is said to be, by Mrs. Kirkland. But—speaking of illustrations—as the next No. of Putnam's begins the year and a volume, cannot the editor find an artist who can draw a corn-stalk? Our corn, however it is with Mr. Putnam's, is never in the silk and in the ear at the same time, as this is on the cover of the Monthly. As it is the inside, rather than the outside, however, that most concerns the readers, they would all, probably, consent to "acknowledge such corn," if the good grain that is served to them is as free from chaff as hitherto.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, the following pieces of Music: Ben Bolt's Grave—song and chorus; Come, Sing again that Song; The Old Homestead, by L. Heath; Alice Clair, by the same; and Eva to her Papa. The last named is the song sung so sweetly by little Cordelia Howard, the Eva in the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the National Theatre. The words and the music were both written for her by her father, Geo. C. Howard. The words are as follows:

EVA TO HER PAPA.

When your daughter's ta'en away,
And your heart is filled with care;
When with angels I shall pray
For your peace and comfort here,
Shall poor Uncle Tom be free?
Papa, promise this to me.

When your little Eva's there,
Robed like those in spotless white,
And the conquering palm I bear,
Blest with love and Heaven's light,
Shall poor Uncle Tom be free?
Papa, promise this to me.

Wife and children send him near,
When forever I am gone;
Papa, check the falling tear,
Think upon my dying song;
Uncle Tom! O, make him free!
Papa, papa! do for me!

WRITINGS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that Messrs. McElrath & Barker, 17 Spruce street, are about to issue a collection of the papers by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which have appeared in the *Independent*, during the last four years. The first volume, "Experiences of Nature and Art," containing the letters from Stratford-on-Avon, the Louvre, Trouting, Woodstock, Letters from the Country, &c., with several new pieces, is in press, and will be published by New Year.

SUMMARY.

THE Vermont Legislature adjourned on the 6th instant, without having elected a United States Senator, or repealed the Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Attorney General Cushing delivered, on Friday, in the Supreme Court at Washington, a eulogy on the life and character of the late Vice-President, Wm. R. King.

THE WIFE'S CONSENT.—The Missouri Legislature has before it a bill providing that no man shall be allowed to indorse a note without the consent of his wife, and that no indorsement shall be valid in law without such consent.

Last Friday, a negro man, the property of James Thornberry, living near Louisville, drew a prize of $3,100 in the State Lottery. He is now, perhaps, rich enough to buy himself.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

We have had several visitors of distinction to our village this week, among whom was C. C. Burleigh, and several Quakers from the State of Indiana, who have stock invested in the Underground Railroad.—*Voice of the Fug., Nov. 26.*

Uncle Tom was produced on the stage at Cincinnati, Dec. 1. There are already Panoramas of Mrs. Stowe's work which appears to be very popular in the West. Aiken's drama was represented for the first time at Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 1.

PRETTY GOOD, AND VERY TRUE.—Mrs. Swisshelm, of the *Pittsburgh Visiter*, joins "the rest of mankind" in casting a slur upon the Cincinnati Judges; whereupon Addison, of the *Cleveland Commercial*, suggests to her that "until Judge Grier is hung, nobody in Pennsylvania should comment upon the character of Judges in Ohio."—*Cincin. Columbian.*

Gov. Collier, in his recent message to the Alabama Legislature, recommends that more stringent laws be enacted to prevent the separation of mothers from children, in cases in which slaves are sold, at least when the children are under ten years of age, and likewise to secure the continued relations of husband and wife.

The coloured washerwomen of Washington determined to raise the price of washing on the assembling of Congress. These worthy persons, who earn their livelihood by honest toil, certainly deserve an indirect additional nibble at the public crib, quite as much as some who feast upon it voraciously.

The Louisville *Democrat* states the singular fact—that a prisoner who broke jail, recently returned, and asked for readmission into the Jeffersonville Penitentiary, to serve out his time. Is the inference from this that convicts generally prefer the prison to freedom? It ought to be according to the logic used in some other matters.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—In the United States Circuit Court, at Providence, R. I., Judge Curtis delivered a charge to the Grand Jury, in which he dwelt at length upon the law of Congress forbidding Flogging in the Navy and in vessels of commerce. He maintained that the flogging that is prohibited in this act is only the flogging that had been practiced in the Navy; that is, with the "cat."

The Ferry Master at Detroit says that at least nine hundred Fugitive Slaves had crossed at that point into Canada during the past year. It is also estimated that some two hundred and fifty had crossed over at Cleveland. If these statements are correct, not less than two thousand slaves, of a market value of two millions of dollars, have passed into Canada within the past year—the first of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mrs. Bloomer and the *Lily* have emigrated to Mount Vernon, Ohio. In the last number of her journal, she says: "Our husband having purchased an interest in the *Western Home Visitor*, published at Vernon, Ohio, and determined upon removing to that place forthwith, we, as a true and faithful wife, are bound to say in the language of Ruth—'where thou goest I will go;' and so before another number of the *Lily* reaches its subscribers we shall, if all is well, have settled in our western home."

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—Mrs. Ward, a respectable woman living in Ashley County, Arkansas, was, a few nights since, "informed by a spirit" that her left hand had offended her Maker, and that to make her peace she must part with it. Mrs. Ward immediately got out of bed, procured an axe, and cut off her hand at the wrist. She then awoke her husband, telling him why she had done it. A physician was sent for—but, during the time prior to his arrival, she lost very little blood, and was well several days after the occurrence.

CITY HALL FIRE BELL.—The cracked old bell on the City Hall was lowered on Tuesday, the 6th instant, from the cupola, and a suitable one placed in its stead. Its successor is not only unequalled in the States in respect to weight, but in tone surpasses that of any other hitherto manufactured. Its weight is 21,123 lbs., the bolt alone weighing 600 pounds, the hammer the same. There is only one bell which exceeds this in weight, that hanging in the Roman Cathedral at Montreal, its weight being 25,000 pounds. The old one will be broken up and re-cast.

SENATOR BRIGHT, representing the free State of Indiana, is understood to be a slaveholder. The Brookville (Ia.) *American* of November 18th, says:

"Mr. B. at present represents the State of Indiana in the United States Senate. He lives a part of the time at Madison, and when at home is a kind neighbour. We lived near him several years. But his chief interest is in Kentucky, where he owns a large plantation, which is well stocked with negroes."

TEMPERANNCE DOCUMENT.—The Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union have, in the press, a document which, from a slight perusal, we think calculated to be eminently useful at the present time, "An appeal to the Public from well authenticated Results of the Maine Law." It collects all those results relating to drunkenness, pauperism, crime, political economy, order and public morals, with vouchers for their correctness, and presents them in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages.

"The last dog story is from Fayettville, Arkansas, where a farmer's dog has been detected in going to the hog-pen at night and biting one of the hogs till he gets up, when 'Archy' lies down in the warm place and goes to sleep."

"Archy," it is to be feared, only indicates what sometimes and in various forms occurs in civilized life among featherless bipeds. Who gets into the warm beds of those slain in battle or otherwise?

A second edition of the Siamese Twins has lately been issued by North Carolina. The *North Carolinian*, Nov. 26, says:

"The twins are negro children, 28 months old, naturally joined together in a remarkable manner. Their spines seem to grow together near their lower termination, and to form one common bone. Above and below the point of juncture they are entirely separate. They are females, and are quite lively and intelligent. Each preserves a distint identity of feeling and action."

They are now on exhibition at Fayettville.

RATHER COMMERCIAL.—The best bit of "trading" that came to our knowledge was this; and as it may serve to fill a gap in Mrs. Stowe's next work, we give her the benefit of it. A man married a dark girl, and finding out, shortly afterwards, that she pleaded guilty of maternity, and had in reality living evidence thereof, he went to his lawyer to consult him as to what was best to be done. "Done!" said the lawyer, "why nothin' on 'arth easier; give me the proof, and I'll get you a divorce in no time." "Divorce be d—d!" replied the client; "all I want to know is, if I can sell the little nigger!"—*A. Bunn.*

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN MICHIGAN.—Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster, and S. S. Foster are now holding a series of meetings in Battle Creek. They will be the last of next week, in Hickory Grove.

C. C. Burleigh is now in the city of Detroit, and has been there for several days past, labouring in the cause of Temperance, Anti Slavery and Woman's Rights; and from thence will go West.

We bespeak for these champions of freedom a cordial reception wherever they may be called to labour.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

A LIE.—The *Herald* and *Times* of New York, have been asserting that the *Tribune* is decreasing in circulation. So that journal comes out with the following statement of its exact circulation on the 1st day of December, which was as follows:

Daily, 21,500; California, 4,080; European, 240; Weekly, 63,120; Semi-Weekly, 6,300; Whole amount, 95,250.

—the greatest circulation of any journal in the world. The paper, daily or weekly, never before had so great a circulation. Its cash receipts last November, were $24,000—expenses, $20,000.

A NEW FIELD FOR WOMAN.—The late strike among the printers in this City, is likely to bring in its train a sudden and unlooked for retribution in the shape of new competitors for the work which are beyond the reach of the Union, and which we predict will not be readily driven from the field. Women have been introduced into the office which it was expected would be injured most, and so successfully, that its business has suffered no material interruption. We sincerely hope that the experiment thus being made by the *Gazette Co.* will be completely successful. If so, it will materially aid to open in Cincinnati a new and perfectly proper pursuit for women, the full benefit of which cannot now be measured.—*Christian Press.*

TAMPERING WITH SLAVES.—A white fellow named Edward Detrer, said to be a native of Philadelphia, was arrested in Savannah on the 18th ultimo, charged with endeavouring to entice away a slave. The owner of the negro overheard Detrer expatiating on the warmth of Northern icicles and the philanthropy of Garrison & Co., and arrested him on the spot. The Mayor gave Detrer a certain number of hours to leave the city, and he left on the Charleston boat the following morning. The *Courier* says:

"The impression which Detrer's philanthropic eloquence had on his sable auditor may be gathered from the fact that while in custody, before the arrival of the police officer, he was handed over into the keeping of the very slave he had attempted to entice away. It is stated, also, that while thus face to face, no man would have been at a loss whose condition he would have preferred, that of the innocent, well-fed, contented slave, or his ragged, destitute, drunken, philanthropic thief."

A MAN BOILED TO DEATH.—A young man, an Irishman, aged about twenty, named Philip Clark, came to his death in a horrible manner at the brewery of Reed & Brothers, in this city, on Saturday last, under the following circumstances: It seems he was left in the charge of what the brewers call the "copper"—an immense cauldron, holding some three hundred barrels—the contents of which were in a boiling state. On the return of the men from dinner, Clark was missed, and subsequently his cap was found by the side of the copper. This led to the suspicion that he had accidentally fallen in, which upon search proved to be the case. The body of the unfortunate man was rescued after having been in the boiling liquid for some two hours.

ANOTHER NEW PLANET.—Mr. Hind, the Astronomer of Mr. Bishop's private observatory, London, and, as we believe, since the death of Lieutenant Stratford, Superintendent of the English *Nautical Almanac*, in a letter to the London *Times* says: "At 7h. 50m. on Tuesday, I discovered a new planet in the constellation Taurus, about 2 deg. south of the ecliptic. It is rather brighter than stars of the ninth magnitude. This planet is the Ninth (!) which I have discovered since the commencement of a systematic search in 1846, and raises the number of that extraordinary group of worlds between Mars and Jupiter to twenty-seven." The enormous labour which has been performed by Mr. Hind, in the systematic search, will be better appreciated when it is understood that not one of the nine planets discovered by him, in London, is ever visible to the naked eye, or even at all without the aid of a good telescope.—*Boston Traveller.*

ANOTHER NATURAL BRIDGE.—Our readers are aware that Professor Toumey describes, in his geological report, a natural bridge in Blount County, Alabama, which possesses features of grandeur and picturesqeness equal to the famous natural bridge of Virginia. We have just been favoured with a communication from Marion County, describing another "natural bridge," near the residence of Daniel Stanford, which the writer asserts is one of the "greatest natural curiosities now on the earth." We give the substance of the description: "It is 90 feet long, 60 high, from 6 to 12 wide, and from 1½ to 4 feet thick—having an arch at each end that cannot be surpassed by art. This bridge is thrown across a deep chasm, both sides of which are perpendicular rocks, extending up sixty feet from a dry bottom—no water below the bridge. Tall trees grow under it, amid whose branches the adventurer will find himself in passing over the bridge—and it may be crossed with perfect safety." Our correspondent represents this work of nature as very sublime, and the natural scenery around it as beautiful and grand.—*Carrolton Republican.*

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., has retired from the editorial chair of the *Congregationalist*, and has been succeeded by Rev. A. L. Stone, Pastor of the Park Street Church. The reason given by Mr. Beecher for his resignation is the manner in which his work, the "Conflict of Ages," has been criticised by the *Puritan Recorder*, which, he says, has "fundamentally and perseveringly misrepresented its main argument, and conducted the whole discussion in a manner eminently and remarkably adapted to produce an undeserved popular odium against me, which would almost of necessity result in injury to the paper of which I was the senior editor." He therefore lays down the pen editorial, and says he intends, "through another medium, and on his own individual responsibility, to call them to account for their misrepresentations."

THANKSGIVING DAY was kept in Boston with great heartiness; not, however, by church-attending, most churches being but thinly attended. Let me make one exception. The great thinker, observer and philanthropist of the city, a man of culture, who comes down from the alpine height of intellect, to feel at the great sore heart of throbbing, aching humanity—the gleaner of startling statistics, the champion of reforms, the preacher, who believes that living, progressive truth is better than dead common-place, hawked about for centuries in pompous array—the man whose very name is tabooed by some of the most polite of Boston, whose very name, like the fourth god of the Egyptians, is by some lips never uttered, but whose presence, nevertheless, makes itself felt like an electric chain all over the city—this man brought, at the Music Hall, a large audience. He gave an earnest discourse upon modern philanthropy, comparing the humane feeling of the present day, as evinced by customs, with that as demonstrated in like manner no longer back than fifty years, showing an increase in mercy and justice, auguring well for the future, spite of a troubled horizon.—*Cor. Trib.*

A white woman, said to be a milliner of industrious habits, was lately convicted at Charleston, S. C., of larceny, and, in accordance with the laws of that State, was sentenced to be imprisoned for two months, and to receive one lash on the bare back. The Charleston *Courier* states that the Judge, when passing the sentence, expressed regret that the law compelled him to do so, but said that Executive interposition alone could relieve her from the disgrace, to which he would not object. That interposition the *Courier* says has taken place; and it adds:

"This interposition has, we are gratified to learn, taken place, and the prisoner will not be subjected to such punishment; but the law still remains; and as our Legislature is now in session, we trust that one of the first bills passed will be one that shall erase from the Statute book this truly Haynau enactment, worthy only to be inscribed on the woman-flaying banner of the House of Hapsburg."

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.—The people in this great division of the United States, being determined to be heard in their own behalf with reference to the organization and division of Nebraska, have elected Territorial functionaries as follows: *Delegate to Congress*—Hadley D. Johnson. *Governor*—William Hamilton. *Secretary*—Mason H. Clark. *Treasurer*—H. P. Downs.

This is not the Johnson first announced as elected, but another person altogether. Hadley D. Johnson is from Iowa, while the Rev. Thomas Johnson has long been a resident in the Territory. The Mr. Johnson who is elected is a native of Brookville, Ind., is the son of Dr. Isaac M. Johnson, well known to all the early settlers and old inhabitants of the White Water Valley. He acted with the Democratic party in the Iowa Senate. Mr. Johnson was supported by the settlements on the Platte, and his opponents (T. Johnson and A. Guthrie) by those on the Kansas. The location of the Pacific Railway was the prevailing question, and the Platte interest won. The Rev. Mr. Johnson and A. Guthrie intend to contest the election, and claim that the election was illegally conducted. It is rumoured that the Rev. T. Johnson has got the certificate of election.

ABUSE OF SPIRITUALISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.—An exciting case of conspiracy, to victimize one of our wealthy citizens out of real estate to the amount of $8,000 or $10,000, was brought before Judge Osborne, at the Halls of Justice, on Saturday evening. The principal parties in the affair are John R. Stuyvesant, Esq., the complainant, and Dr. John K. Seymour and wife. Mr. Stuyvesant was ensnared and victimized to the tune of eight or ten thousand dollars, in real estate, situated in Sixteenth street. He was troubled in the breast with a pain, and observing the advertisements of a female magnetic physician (the wife of Dr. John K. Seymour), he was induced to go to the house in Division Street, and thence to Houston Street, where he went frequently. On one occasion, he went to the house of the defendant and the fair clairvoyant, who threw out insinuations that "her husband had gone to the city of Boston, and would not return in some eight or ten days." He was induced to undress, when a man came rushing into the room, armed with a sword-cane, proclaiming "Death or its equivalent!" During this exciting moment he was frightened and coerced into an arrangement, whereby he made the conveyance of a house and lot, valued at $10,000, located in Sixteenth street, for which he gave the man (the prisoner says he is the husband of the lady in question) a deed, some days after. Mr. Stuyvesant commenced an action to recover his property; but before the case was brought to an issue, he died very suddenly, in consequence of which the prosecution was abandoned.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The following petitions were adopted by the recent Woman's Rights Convention at Rochester, and will be circulated for signatures, in order to be presented to the Legislature of New York, during the approaching Session:

Petition for the Just and Equal Rights of Women.

The Legislature of the State of New York have, by the Acts of 1848 and 1849, testified the purpose of the People of this State to place Married Women on an equality with Married Men in regard to the holding, conveying, and devising of real and personal property.

We, therefore, the undersigned petitioners, inhabitants of the State of New York, male and female, having attained to the age of legal majority, believing that Women, alike married and single, do still suffer under many and grievious disabilities, do earnestly request the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York to appoint a Joint Committee of both houses, to revise the Statutes of New York, and to propose such amendments as will fully establish the legal equality of Women with Men; and do hereby ask a hearing before such Committee by our accredited Representatives.

Petition for Woman's Right to Suffrage.—Whereas, according to the Declaration of our National Independence, Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, we earnestly request the Legislature of New York to propose to the people of the State such amendments of the Constitution of the State as will secure to Females an equal right to the Elective Franchise with Males; and we do hereby request a hearing before the Legislature by our accredited representatives.

THE COLOURED ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Last evening the seventeenth anniversary of this asylum was held at Hope Chapel, in the presence of a large audience. Mr. J. B. Collins, one of the advisers of the institution, read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, after which the children sung an anniversary hymn.

The report of the managers shows that the total number of children at present at the asylum is 235, including 30 day scholars. Of the whole number 116 read with ease, 66 read imperfectly, while many are advanced in history, physiology, philosophy, drawing, etc.

The accounts received this year from the children indentured to different vocations is gratifying to the managers. Most of them are highly interested in their pursuits, and the boys are preparing to become practical farmers. Opportunities have of late presented themselves of placing some of the children at trades, which have been hailed by the managers as an omen of promise, indicative of progress, for many of them have decided inclinations for mechanical pursuits; but prejudice has hitherto erected an almost impassible barrier. This, it is to be hoped, will gradually subside as their minds become enlightened and improved, and their characters elevated by an ennobling integrity.

The receipts of the year were $9,984 17 and the expenditures about the same sum. Exclusive of this result, the amount of debts still due for the year is $2,049 47. There were forty deaths during the past three years, averaging only one in a hundred for that term.

Several recitations were delivered by the coloured children in a creditable manner, and a collection taken for the benefit of the Asylum.

DIED.

HAYES.—At the residence of his father, in Newlin Township, Chester County, on Second day morning, the 28th instant, George P. Hayes, in his 24th year. His disease was inflammation of the lungs. He was a young man of rare business talent, and very large social feelings—gentle in spirit, transparent, and energetic in action, he drew around him many admiring friends.

He identified himself with the religious society of "Progressive Friends," being a liberal contributor to the publication of their sentiments and proceedings. He sympathised with the afflicted and oppressed, rendering pecuniary aid to the fugitive slave, thus giving practical evidence of his reverence for the higher law. He attended the Whole World's Temperance Convention in New York, its liberal platform being in harmony with his views. Before returning home he visited Boston, where he was attacked with illness, and was removed to Lowell that he might be more retired. He was favoured so far to recover as to return home, and make a few social visits, the last of which was at the Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle. About three weeks since the disease made such progress as to confine him to his chamber, during which period he was visited by many of his associates. From sentiments expressed at different intervals, he anticipated his approaching dissolution, and was prepared to meet the solemn, final close without fear, in the hope of a glorious immortality.

On the 30th, an unusually large concourse of people assembled in order to pay the last tribute of respect, among them the "Odd Fellows" of Unionville and West Chester, with whom he had been associated.

A religious meeting was held at the house on the occasion, which was addressed by William Barnard and J. A. Dugdale, in a very impressive manner; many affecting incidents in the life of the deceased were alluded to by J. A. D., and the great principle of immortality and eternal life enforced from the following passage:

"The invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and God-head." Illustrating the existence of an infinite architect in the formation of matter, all the revolutions of which have tended to hasten its ripeness and its bloom until the human mind was enabled to take cognizance of of its own immortal nature.

His body was deposited in Friend's Graveyard at Marlborough, after a solemn prayer had been offered up to God.

We shall see his face no more, yet his example lives. Missed from the circle of a large acquaintance, from the closer alliance of the associations to which he belonged—the Lyceum, of which he was an efficient and beloved member, and far more than these, by the beloved and living ones at home, and by a dear absent brother; he yet lives in memory and the light of a bright example. And his kindred have the unspeakable consolation that he died a peaceful death.

11th mo. 30th, 1853. L. M.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES,

AT THE

BROADWAY TABERNACLE,

New York, 1853-'54.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY (auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society), believing the present time to be eminently favourable for a full and free discussion, in this city, of the great question of

AMERICAN SLAVERY,

has made arrangements for a COURSE OF ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES, to be delivered on each successive TUESDAY EVENING, beginning December 13th, and closing March 7th, in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

In order that the subject may be presented in all its aspects, political, moral, social and religious, and with fairness towards all earnest-minded friends of the cause, the Society has engaged the services of the eminent champions of Freedom whose names, together with the times when they are severally expected to appear, are given below:

1. Hon. JOHN P. HALE,	Tuesday evening,	Dec.	13.
2. Hon. JOHN G. PALFREY,	"	"	20.
3. Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS,	"	"	27.
4. Mr. C. LENOX REMOND,	"	Jan.	3.
5. JOHN JAY, Esq.,	"	"	10.
6. Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER,	"	"	17.
7. Miss LUCY STONE,	"	"	24.
8. Hon. HORACE GREELEY,	"	"	31.
9. Rev. WM. H. FURNESS,	"	Feb.	7.
10. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Esq.,	"	"	14.
11. Rev. THEODORE PARKER,	"	"	21.
12. WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.,	"	"	28.
13. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Esq.	"	Mar.	7.

Terms of Admission.

Gentleman's Season Ticket	$2 00
Lady's " "	1 00
One Admission for a Gentleman or Lady	25
One Admission for a Gentleman and Two Ladies	50

☞ Tickets at C. S. Francis & Co.'s, No. 212 Broadway, opposite the Park; at Roe Lockwood & Son's, No. 411 Broadway; at T. J. Crowen's, No. 599 Broadway, near Houston; at L. H. Embree's, No. 134 Bowery; at Fowlers & Wells's, No. 131 Nassau street; at the Anti-Slavery Office. No. 142 Nassau street, up stairs; and at the door of the Tabernacle on Tuesday evenings.

Lectures commence at 7½ o'clock—doors open at 6½ o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Chairman.

Littell's Living Age.—1854.

A Beautiful Engraving in Each Number.

THE LIVING AGE has been abundantly honored by the approbation of the best judges; it has been pronounced to be sound and vigorous; various and entertaining; full of spirit and life; uniting the qualities which gratify the scholar, the philosopher, and the man of business, with those which recommend it to their wives and children. We shall now endeavour to add to these intrinsic excellencies the greater attractions of Art, and, beginning with 1854, every number will contain an Impression from a Beautiful Steel Plate.

The 52 Plates a year will alone be worth the price of subscription.

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The Living Age is published every Saturday, by Littell, Son & Company, corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston. Price, 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year, in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

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Boston, No. 142 Washington street; Philadelphia, No. 231 Arch street.

Miscellaneous Department.

NOTHING IS LOST.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
 Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
 In summer's thunder shower:
Perchance to shine within the bow
 That fronts the sun at fall of day:
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
 Of fountains far away.

Nought lost, for even the tiniest seed
 By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
 Wherein 'tis sown and grown:
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
 In some remote and desert place,
Or mid the crowded homes of toil
 Sheds usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust,
 By the March winds disturbed and tossed,
Though scattered by the fitful gust,
 Is changed, but never lost:
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,
 Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with verdurous diadem
 Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quenched, the flame put out,
 Still cling to earth, or soar in air,
Transformed, diffused, and blown about,
 To burn again elsewhere;
Haply, to make the beacon-blaze,
 Which gleams athwart the briny waste,
Or light the social lamp, whose rays
 Illume the home of taste.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
 The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
 Are not extinct when mute:
The language of some household song,
 The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
 To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
 Uttered, they are not all forgot,
They leave their influence on the mind,
 Pass on, but perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
 Upon the spirit spoken to,
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
 Or sooth like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
 They have their power, scarce understood:
Then let us use our better will
 To make them rife with good:
Like circles on a lake they go,
 Ring within ring, and never stay:
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
 That they might bless alway!

Then since these lesser things ne'er die,
 But work beyond our poor control,
Say, shall that suppliant for the sky
 The greater human soul?
Ah, no! it still will spurn the past,
 And search the future for its rest—
Oh, joy! if it be found at last
 Among the pure and blest!

—*Glasgow Times.*

FASHION.

When a man applies himself soberly to reflect upon the fitness of things in general, and of their several tendencies towards the great End, of what a whirligig of vanity and inutility—of waste and glitter—the Great World seems to consist! All these flounces and furbelows; all this crenoline, bergamot, paste and jewellery, wax-chandlery, Brussels lace and Sevres china; all those jobbed horses, silken squabs, double and triple knocks, tags and embroideries and fripperies of the Heralds' College, what are they good for?—what end do they serve? All these mountebank bowings and reverences: these kissings of hands and backing out of rooms of lath and plaster: these clatterings about streets for the purpose of handing pieces of printed pasteboard: these grinnings to your fellow-worm of five feet long across a glass of grape juice; these bawlings out of names of lacqueys: these posturings and jumpings, and agonies of etiquette: and turning day into night and night into day, and eating when we are not hungry, and drinking when we are not thirsty; all these, the life-chords of the Great World, to what end are they? Who commanded them? Who promulgated the statutes that regulate them? If Fashion were a tangible idol with a frontal protuberance and a golden head, squatting on his hams in a pagoda like Juggernaut we should not need to wonder at his votaries wearing absurd dresses and passing their lives in the performance of more absurd ceremonies. We might set down the worship to be a delusion; but we might concede the dresses and the ceremonies to be the offspring of a sincere though mistaken superstition, and to be typical or symbolic of something. But my lady Azalia, the Queen of the World of Fashion, is a member of the Church of England, and she would be indignant if you were to ask her whether she worshipped a protuberant idol. Besides, Fashion is not tangible or palpable. No one ever saw Fashion, or drew his (or her?) portrait, or promulgated the conditions of his (or her?) creed, or taught what is heterodox or what orthodox; except one vulgar pretender who wrote a Handbook of Etiquette; which, for any authority it was grounded on, might as well have been a handbook to the Bear Garden.

What are the laws of Fashion, and who made them? Who regulates their absurdities and their proprieties? It was the height of fashion in Charles the Second's time to display about four inches of white shirt between the waistband and the vest: now, if I were to enter a ball room with my shirt bulging from the bottom of my waistcoat, I should be bowed down stairs. Why should fashion in sixteen hundred and sixty-three be beauty, and be impropriety in eighteen hundred and fifty-three? Can anything be more absurd than the present chimney-pot hat? Nothing. Yet, if you were to meet me in Regent Street with a hunting-cap, a shovel hat, a sombrero, or a fur porringer like that which Henry of Lancaster wore—would you speak to me? The day after to-morrow velvet sculls, shovel hats, flip-flaps, or rabbit-skin porringers, may be the only wear. Why should the bishop have refused to ordain Oliver Goldsmith, because he wore scarlet breeches? What are wigs, boots, colours, fashionable virtues, fashionable vices, *bon ton*, high-breeding, worth, after all? Will they save the sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of twenty-five," from the "hollowness and horror of a three days' burial?" Will they avail us one jot in the day when you and I and all the world, "nobles and learned, kings and priests, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol?" Will Fashion and Madame Devy and the Red-book keep the "storm from the ship or a wrinkle from the brow, or the plague from a King's house?" Is the world any better for Fashion, and could it not move towards its end without Fashion, do you think?

"A man," says a divine I love to quote, "may read a sermon the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchre of kings * * * where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and the king must walk over his grandsire's head to take the crown." Now what a homily might a man read over second-hand court dresses, over a Court Circular, or over a Red-book two years old! How sharp one might be upon the miserable vanity of superfluities, and the uselessness of luxuries. How easily we could do without them.

"Give but to nature that which nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's."

You, and I, and the King, could live on sixpence a day, and never go hungry. But, after all, in the very midst and flow of this our homilies, and this sharpness of our exhortation, comes this thought to make us pause before we go with unwashed faces to live in a tub like Diogenes, or to hide ourselves in a cave, and cover ourselves with the skins of wild beasts, as Jean Jacques Rosseau talked of doing, or to dig up pig nuts for food, and shovel gold away as if it were mud, like Timon in the play. For we begin to think how many thousand men and women in England, and how many millions more throughout the world, eat their daily bread by making and vending Fashion's elegant trumpery; gloves, fans, spangles, scents, and bon-bons: how ships, colonies, and commerce, are all mixed up in a curious yet congruous elaboration with these fal-lals; how one end of the chain may be my lady's boudoir and its nick-nacks in Belgravia, and the other end a sloppy ship-dock on the hot strand of the Hooghly; how the beginnings of a ball-supper, with its artificial flowers, its trifles, its barley sugar temples, its enamelled baskets and retifia cakes, were the cheerless garret and the heated cellar; how the immensities of the world—its workshops, and marts, and bourses, and chambers of commerce—are, after all, only an accumulation of these fashionable littlenesses in bulk; packed into huge bales and casks, registered in ledgers and day-books, and sent and re-sent in strong ships, with bills of lading and charter-parties, to the uttermost ends of the earth. Pause before you condemn Vanity Fair—reflect for a minute before you run to the justice's to have its charter taken away. Obadiah Broadbrim has helped to stock it: conventicles have been built from its profits: the crumbs that fall from its table feed millions of mouths. Nor does the beneficence of Fashion end here. After she has made one set of fortunes at first hand, she showers her favours on trade at second-hand. From second-hand court dresses, and from second-hand fashion of all kinds, the moral of Fashion can be more strongly pointed than from Fashion herself when arrayed in all her glory.

Let us instance Mr. Brummus. She is the mysterious female who deals in second-hand ladies' apparel. I look upon Mrs. Brummus's vast silent repository of last season's varieties with the awe I have for a family vault; for the scenery of a worn-out pantomime; for undertaker's Latin (in oil colours): for last year's Belle Assemblee, or for the tailor's plate of the fashions and the Court Guide for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

Mrs Brummus's repository nestles as Milton's fountain did, in the "navel of a wood," quite in the core of a cancer of dingy, second-hand streets and houses. Both Mrs. Brummus and her shop have, moreover, a dingy, faded, second-hand appearance. They remind you of the magnificent allocution of the lady of the quondam dealer in second-hand apparel in Congreve's comedy: "You that I took from darning of old lace, and washing of old gauze, with a blue black nose over a chafing-dish full of starved embers, behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage!" The chafing-dish and the blue-black nose may be gone; but there is yet a marvellous touch of the bird-cage about Mrs. Brummus's shop: there is yet the traverse-rag, the torn lace to be darned, and the old gauze to be washed.

Enter. Here is the discarded wardrobe of those enchanting actresses, those ravishing songstresses, those bewitching dancers, who have so enthralled and delighted Fashion: who have drawn rapturous plaudits from Fashion's kid-gloved hand; melting sighs from under Fashion's white waistcoats; tender glances from Fashion's double-barrelled lorgnettes; lisps of praise from Fashion's moustachioed lips, when the wearers of those dresses acted, and sang, and danced on Fashion's great chalked stage—upon that stage where there are more sinks and rises, more drops, flats, borders, set pieces, wings and floats; where there are more changes of scene, more going down graves and vampire traps; where there are more music, dancing, gay clothes, red and white paint, hollow hearts and masks for them to wear, than you would find on the stage of the largest playhouse in the world. Suspended and recumbent, folded up, stretched out, singly and in heaps, in Mrs. Brummus's bird-cage shop, in dimly distant crypts, and parlours, and crannies, and cupboards, and lumbering old presses and groaning shelves, are the crimson velvet dresses of duchesses, the lace that queens have worn, our grandmothers' brocaded sacks, and hoops, and high-heeled shoes, fans, feathers, silk stockings, lace pocket handkerchiefs, scent bottles, the Brussels lace veil of the bride, the sable bombazine of the widow, embroidered parasols, black velvet mantles, pink satin slips; blue kid, purple prunella, or white satin shoes; leg of mutton, bishop, Mameluke sleeves: robes without bodies, and bodies without robes, and sleeves without either; the matron's apron and the opera dancer's skirt. Here is Fashion in undress, without its whalebone, crenoline, false hair, paint and pearl powder: here she is, tawdry, tarnished, helpless, inert, dislocated, like Mr. Punch's company in the deal box he carries strapped behind his back.

If there be one article of commerce which Fashion delights in more than another, it is Lace. The rich products of Mechlin, Valenciennes, Brussels and Liege: the scarcely less valuable wares of Nottingham and Honiton; the almost priceless remnants of "old point"—"beggar's lace"—the lace that Henrietta Maria loved to wear and Vandyck to paint. Not one, therefore, of Mrs. Brummus's tattered morsels of lace but has its history and its moral. Here is the veil in which poor Clara Rackleton was married to Captain Middlemen. They had a grand estate (grandly encumbered) at Ballyragget, in the County Galway. Charley Middleman kept hounds and open house; and his widow lives now in a boarding-house at Tours with her two daughters. Clara's Brussels lace veil was not sold by her lady's maid, nor by the bride herself. It was neither lost or stolen; but Captain Middieman, formely of the twenty-fifth Hussars, privately conveyed Mrs. Middleman's veil, together with two ostrich feathers and a carved ivory Chinese fan, to Mrs. Brummus's emporium. He drove the bargain, he pocketed the money, and he lost that same money half-an-hour afterwards at chicken-hazard, at the Little Nick near Leicester Square.

A wedding dress—all white satin, lace, and silver sprigs. Methinks I can see it now, glistening and sparkling in the August sun, and rustling and crumpling in the August air, as, at the close of the London season, its beautiful wearer descends that ugly narrow little staircase, which has been a ladder of delight to so many, a *via dolorosa* to so many more, and which leads from the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover Square, into Maddox street. The wearer of the satin dress comes down the shabby steps a wedded bride. She is married to a lord; a duke has given her away. Fourteen young bridesmaids in white have wept at the responses. Two have fainted, and one has been carried into the vestry, to be sal-volatilised. A nervous clergyman has addressed the bride-expectant as "Thomas, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded wife?" The bridegroom has been seized with the usual deadly perturbation, and offers to place the ring on the finger of the pew-opener; and the clerk, while gravely correcting the errors of all parties, has viewed the whole proceedings with an air of deep misanthropy. At last, somehow or other, the right man has married the right woman; the pew-opener and beadle have been feed, and the verger remembered; the clergyman has had his rights and the clerk his dues. The license has been conned over; the register has been signed—by the bridegroom in a character meant to be very valiant and decided, but in reality very timorous and indistinct; by the bride with no pretence or compromise, but in a simply imbecile and hysterical manner; by the father of the bride in a neat hand I should like to see at the bottom of a cheque; and by big General Gwallyor of the Indian army (the additional witness) in a fierce military manner, with a dash at the end like an oath. The little boys have shouted, and the wedding carriage, with its crimson-vested post boys and spanking greys, has clattered up; the policemen have put down an imaginary riot, threatened with their batons the crowd generally, and menaced with arrest one individual lamp-post; and then, shining out like a star among the silver favours and orange flowers, the snowy dresses and black dress coats, the smiles and tears, comes the bride: God bless her! Is there a sight more beautiful under heaven than a young bride coming out of church? Can you forget Sir John Suckling's beautiful lines in his ballad upon a wedding?—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light.
And then she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight."*

Now, alas, my lord is at Florence, my lady is in furnished lodgings in London, and the bride's dress is at Mrs. Brummus's. There was an action at law in the Court of Queen's Bench respecting them not long since; and numberless suits in all sorts of courts are pending between them now. My lord hates my lady, and my lady hates my lord; and they write abusive letters against each other to their mutual friends.

Fashion is born, is married, and dies every year, and Fashion is buried in Mrs. Brummus's dusky shop: she watches its funeral pyre, and superintends the process of its incineration; until, phœnix-like, it rise again from its ashes to die again.

Fashion dies. It is so far like a prince or a rich man that while it lives we dress it up in purple and fine linen, and fall down and worship it, and quarrel with and hate our brothers and sisters, for a smile from our demi-god, for a card for Fashion's balls or the *entree* to Fashion's back-stairs. But no sooner is the demi-god dead than we utterly desert and forget it. We do not condescend, as in the case of dead humanity, to fold its rottenness in gold and crimson velvet, to build a marble monument above it, sculptured all over with lies; to state in an inscription that beneath repose the ashes of such and such a most noble, high, mighty, powerful Prince Fashion, who was a father to his subjects, and a model to his compeers, and was in short the very best Fashion that ever was known, and the first fashionable gentleman in the world. No, we allow the corpse of Fashion to putrefry in the gutter, or to be eaten up by the vultures, and the storks, and adjutant birds. There have been kings treated as cavalierly. When the luxurious Louis Quinze lay at the point of death, the noise of the courtiers deserting their monarch to pay their respects to the new king echoed through the long galleries of Versailles like thunder. When the king was dead, they crammed his miserable body (he died of the most horrible form of small-pox) into a box, and jolted him off in a post-chaise by night to St. Denis, where they flung him into

* Founded on a beatiful old superstition of the English peasantry, that the sun dances upon an Easter morning.

rather than buried him in the sepulchre of his ancestors. So do we act by our dead King Fashion—adding even insult to injury; for after his death, we scoff and jeer at him, and are tremendously satirical upon the ridiculous, hideous, frightful, preposterous fashion that he was. It is my opinion that if Messrs. Banting and France were to confine themselves to performing the funerals of Fashion, they would cease to be the fashionable undertakers they are.

Fashion is greater than king or kaiser when he is alive; but dead, he is of no more account than a broken egg-shell. *Le roi est mort—vive le roi!* Leg of mutton sleeves and short waists are dead. Long live tight sleeves and long waists!—*Household Words.*

SIGHTS FROM MY WINDOWS.

Upon what the window opens—a narrow, paved street of red houses, a back yard, a landscape, or such a noble sheet of water as always awaits my eyes from my rear windows—will make a great difference in the thoughts which spring up. It is a sad thing to look upon the life of the street. The poor, the worse than poor, the degraded; unquiet faces of toiling women; ragged children: the feeble valetudinarian; all these are human beings as much as the hearty, the prosperous, the gay and sanguine throng among whom they mix. Questions of life and earthly destiny are painful, and draw out the weary thoughts through many a maze of questionings, from which they return without a sheaf, or a flower, and more in doubt than ever. I do not love the front windows.

But there lies New York Bay, spread wide abroad from my back windows. I sit in my window, and my thoughts fly over it just as I daily see the gulls do, and bathe in it just as they dip down and come up unwet. I walk on it, I hover over it; I go all about its rim—beginning with the far Jersey shore, right across from the Battery down to Staten Island, and round again to my window. I have great times with those blue hills in the distance; moody fellows—sometimes they sulk, and darken themselves, and hide in a smoky-obscure, so that whether they be clouds, or mountains, or only a forest, you can hardly tell. Peradventure, the very next day they have dusted themselves, and swept down all the films, and stand right up to your eye, frank, apparent, and not ashamed of your gaze. Always the first thing is to see what the hills are about. To see the sun go down over these hills is a sight to make one's soul cry out to God. What else on earth is done, as the sun performs his work? His highway is without an obstruction. He fills the whole heavens with light from his clusters as if it were a goblet. He casts forth his brightness upon the earth as if he were set to sow it with seed, and spread it double-handed, profuse, prodigal, inexhaustible. In the morning he sends sheaves of light, as first fruits of his coming, long before the sun-rising, and on retiring he leaves his way full of fruits for the evening to glean. Stars that come timidly out to see what he does, catch the inspiration, and themselves grow good and kind, sending forth a blessing to all that look for their coming.

Those blue hills know all these things, and gambol in the solar floods as dolphins in the deep—flushed with as many fabulous colours as they. Before the sun goes down, you can hardly look at them, as the hazy atmosphere, struck through with intense gold, flames about them, and only lets them be seen dimly as if standing in a blazing furnace.

But they are not harmed. For when the sun gets behind them, they stand forth against the sky, large, full, bold and unconsumed. They are the last sights that die out of the heavens as night deepens and darkens.

But before the light forsakes the horizon you are already cleansed of life's daily grime and dust. That great round horizon—it is whatever your imagination requires it to be. It is a zone belting the earth. Or it is a lucid rampart, a battlement of transparent stones; or it is an ocean full of purple islands, whose near waters are crimson, taking orange hues as they recede, then sapphire, amid white and grey, and carried up toward the vault with spangled blue and black. Upon such a ground as this nature sets up and takes down her temple of clouds with wondrously facile architecture. There is no footstep left along that horizon, and no visible hand. But can any one look and not know that there is an enshrined spirit there? It is not from out of such passes as these that angels come to guard our night watch? From those cliffs are there no slumberless eyes that gaze after us?

But there are some hours in which we feel called to pierce these outguards of heaven, and see that city beyond, from which the sun himself borrows his light, as the moon fills itself from his bosom. Why should we stand upon this side the entrance, falling down, like poor Mercy in Pilgrim's Progress, before the gate? Thought *may* enter, faith *does*; but the body, like an anchor, sticks fast to the earth, and brings back again the reluctant soul to her moorings.

Ten thousand stars stand meekly now in the heavens. Ten thousand sparkling stars are lit from beneath and rock themselves in the trembling waters. Yonder, too, lies that great city with a thousand shining eyes, couched down, but always watching, always murmuring, night and day, like some huge, muttering behemoth, waiting for its prey in the reeds by the seashore.

One who had lived within sound of the surf upon Long Island south shore, would think, if he sat for the first time by my window, in the night, and heard the dull, low, muffled roar of the city, that he was close upon the ocean. If I shut my eyes, I can hear in this sound the sullen plunge of Niagara as it came through the night-air to my room in the hotel. Nor does the resemblance cease with the sound. It is the united roll of single wheels, crushing and jarring through all the streets of the vast city that form its base; just as it is but the singing of single drops in the choir of waves, that makes the thunder of the ocean.

Morning, noon, night and midnight, you still have the continuous roar; distant and soft when the wind sets toward the west; near, and rushing right toward you when the winds are from the west. But there is a rest even for New York. From midnight of Saturday till three o'clock of Monday morning, the Sabbath charms and hollows the air. The city sleeps like a labouring man after his toil. It is very impressive to stand upon a radiant Sabbath morning and feel the hush and solitude. Silence always speaks of God. The gilded cross on the spire of Trinity, catching the earliest glow, shines like a star, as if, like that of Bethlehem, it would lead men to where the Saviour dwelt.

But on other days nothing can quiet the great voice of the city. All day and all night it sounds on.

Then, there are the deep measured strokes of the ponderous fire-bell, answered and echoed from bell to bell, all over the city. Now and then a beam of light shoots up upon the sky, and the city glows in its conflagration. Usually, fires would come and go unknown except to lookers on, were it not for the bells. They are smothered before they can break out.

One sits at night and looks out upon that mysterious space, marked to the eye only by lights, gleaming singly, or in files, and imagines what scenes are transpiring before him. Should I pierce to that distant lamp, I should land in the wedding group. Should I overleap that one, and go on to the chamber from which the next shines, there is a child dying a mother wailing. Should I strike through the shell to the living kernel, in one place, crime would spring up disclosed; another line would reveal vices of unimagined grossness. I say to myself, as I look forth: there a mother sings her child to sleep; there a virgin draws angels to her prayers; there a wife waits for footsteps, which once were music but which ere long will tread down her joys like trampled flowers; there sorrow and want and despair work; there the poor and failing seamstress draws the thread, whose breaking will drop her into hopeless shame. In that great shadow are now working griefs and shames and joys; crimes and cruelties; virtues and secret heroism; there is patience, and faith, and hope; there are laughing faces and frivolous hearts, tearless joys; there too are devout hearts, deep meditations, holy aspirations. Good and evil angels fly athwart that rock of smoke and vapour on errands of grace or mischief. Up through that pathless air are passing every hour scores of departing souls. And yet, I gaze upon the certainty and perceive nothing. I know too that there are in the depths of yonder obscure city sharp outcries, eager implorations, piercing skrieks, life-struggles; but hear not a lisp of them. I know that the tremendous Drama of Life is playing in every act, from beginning to exit, and I the solitary spectator, sitting here, can see nothing, hear nothing, but assuredly I know that it is all passing there!

But there is an eye from which darkness hides nothing. There is an ear to which every whisper of the Universe goes. Over the great city God watches. It is neither tangled nor confused to him. Its stone and brick are transparent as crystal to his piercing gaze. Yea, the silence of the soul is audible. The secret intents of the heart are before him. The Lord shall watch the city, and when all other keepers fail, He shall keep it.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

There's a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty more dear to me
Than all that bask in the noontide beam
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream.
Like pure hope nursed from sorrow's wing,
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring.
Their delicate hues like the pink sea shell,
Or the shaded blush of a hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom.
It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreathes no brow in the festal hall,
But it dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines, like a star, in the solitude.
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left it, in silence and shade, to die.
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come,
And praise its beauty with drony hum,
And children love, in the season of spring,
To watch for its earliest blossoming.

In the dewy morn of an April day,
When the traveller lingers along the way,
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green
Where rivulets water the earth, unseen,
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,
And the budding leaves of the birch-trees throw
A trembling shade on the turf below,
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest
And yields its lips to the sweet south-west,
Then, in those beautiful days of spring,
With hearts as light as the wild bird's wing,
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide,
Peeping and peering among the trees
As they scent its breath on the passing breeze,
Hunting about, among lichens gray,
And the tangled mosses beside the way,
Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling
Round my heart of hearts, as in childhood's spring,
And thy breath as it floats on the wandering air,
Wakes all the music of memory there.
Thou recallest the time when, a fearless child,
I roved all day through the wood walks wild,
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae
Wherever the snow-drifts had melted away.

Now as I linger, 'mid crowds alone,
Haunted by echoes of music flown,
When the shadows deepen around my way,
And the light of reason but leads astray;
When affections, nurtured with fondest care
In the trusting heart become traitors there;
When, weary of all that the world bestows,
I turn to nature for calm repose,
How fain my spirit, in some far glen,
Would fold her wings, 'mid thy flowers again!

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

The November number of the *American Journal of Science and Art* contains an interesting account, from the pen of Professor Louis Agassiz, of a discovery of a new genus of fish, of the perch description, made by Passed Midshipman A. C. Jackson, a young officer in the United States navy. This gentleman, whose early death, in March of the present year, has already been announced in the *Evening Post*, was spoken of by Lieut. Maury, with whom he had long been associated at the National Observatory, in a letter to the President, in the following terms: "That, in all the qualities which adorn the man, and in all the traits which ennoble the officer, he has left but few superiors in the navy."

In order to appreciate the nature and importance of Mr. Jackson's discovery, it should be understood that Professor Agassiz, and all the other great authorities in ichthyology, had previously considered the whale as the only viviparous fish, that is, the only fish which brings forth its young alive. The other fish were found to be oviparous, the females laying the eggs, and the males *afterward* going over and impregnating, or giving life to the deposites of the females. This peculiarity in their mode of reproduction had led, our readers may remember, to the employment in France of the system of pisiculture, which consists in taking the impregnated spawn from one stream, where it was laid, to supply a deficiency in another. In this way, rare species of fish may be produced beyond the limits in which they are indigenous.

On the 7th of June, 1852, Mr. Jackson, who, with three or four other officers, under Commodore Shubrick, had been appointed to examine the coast of California, with reference to finding a suitable location for a navy yard, caught, in the bay of San Salita, two fishes, male and female, in the latter of which, to his surprise, were found *nineteen live fishes*, closely packed together, each of which was nearly one third of the length of its mother; the dimensions of the mother being ten and a-half inches long, and four and a-half high, and of one of the young fishes about three inches long and one in height. Each of the young, when taken from its mother, was perfectly formed, lively, and as much adapted to seek its livelihood in the water, as if it had been accustomed to the element for months. They were enclosed, before birth, in a light violet bag, just under the back, within the mother, so transparent that their colour and formation could easily be distinguished through it. The mother was a remarkably vigorous creature, of a dark brown colour, approaching, about the fins and back, to black—the offspring, of the same hue, yet several shades lighter. The male fish was considerably smaller than the female.

Mr. Jackson, soon after this discovery, sent to Professor Agassiz a minute description of the fish with an outline drawing; but finding it impossible, in the locality where he was engaged, to procure the requisite spirits, without abandoning his official labours, he did not preserve the specimens. The first letter which Mr. Jackson wrote, was acknowledged by that eminent naturalist, who, in his reply, spoke as follows of the new discovery:

"Had you been able to secure specimens of both (male and female), science would now be indebted to you for the knowledge of one of the most unexpected circumstances in the mode of development of fishes."

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Jackson returned from California, without, however, being able to take with him the desired specimens; but Professor Agassiz, guided by the descriptions furnished by him, through the assistance of his brother-in-law, Mr. T. H. Cary, Jr., of San Francisco, was so fortunate as to secure them for his collection. Mr. Cary having, in his investigation, met with a species of the same family of fishes, transmitted specimens to Professor Agassiz at the same time with others conforming to the description of Mr. Jackson, from which it, in some respects, varied. The distinguished ichthyologist has, accordingly, applied to the genus of the newly-discovered fish the name, derived from their peculiarity of reproduction, of *Embiotoca Agassiz*, and divided the honour of discovering the species between Messrs. Jackson and Cary, giving to one the name of *Embiotoca Jacksoni*, and to the other that of *Embiotoca Caryi*.

With regard to this distribution of the honours of the discovery it may be proper to remark that, inasmuch as Mr. Jackson's investigations were the only means by which the scientific world became acquainted with the fact of the existence and peculiarities of this new family of fishes, the generic or family name should have been derived from him, and not from Professor Agassiz, who, so far as appears, had nothing to do with the discovery. The reason which Professor Agassiz would assign for thus withholding the appropriate credit from Mr. Jackson, may doubtless be inferred from the extract from his letter above quoted, viz.: that Mr. Jackson had not been able to procure actual specimens, but had only furnished a minute and careful description, together with an outline drawing of the new fish. If this course agrees with the usage of scientific men, we, of course, have nothing to say; but it certainly does not commend itself to those notions which we had previously entertained in regard to cases of this nature. Mr. Cary, who, by means of the directions supplied by Mr. Jackson, was so successful as to procure a different species of the same fish, hardly appears entitled to stand on an equality with the original discoverer, though no objection can be made to his receiving the credit which has been awarded him.—*Evening Post.*

List of Relics in Rome.—In the Church of Santa Croce, a finger of St. Thomas the Apostle; that same finger with which he touched the blessed rib of our Saviour Jesus Christ.—Some hair of our Saviour Jesus Christ.—A greater part of the holy veil, and some hair of the Blessed Virgin.—Some ashes and coal combined together, in the form of a loaf, with the fat of St. Lawrence the martyr.—A vial of the blood of our Saviour.—Another vial full of milk of the Blessed Virgin, from the place where Christ was baptized.—The stone where the angel stood when he announced the great mystery of the incarnation to the Blessed Virgin.—A piece of the stone on which our Saviour sat when he forgave the sins of Mary Magdalene.—A piece of the stone on which our Lord wrote the commandments given to Moses on Mount Sinai.—Some of the manna with which God fed the Jews in the desert.—One of the coins which the treachery of Judas was paid for by the Jews.—In the Church of St. Cecile in Trastevere: some milk of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—In the Church of Saints Cosma and Damiano: a vial of milk of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—Some remnants of the house of Mary Magdalene.—Some also of the prophet Zacharias.—In the Church of St. Prassede: some of the shift of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—Some of Moses's rod.—Some of the earth on which our Saviour Jesus Christ trod during his passion.—Some of the cane and sponge with which our Saviour Jesus Christ was given to drink.—Some of the towel with which Christ wiped his disciples' feet.—Some of the linen in which the infant Jesus was wrapped after his birth.—Some of the garments of our Saviour Jesus Christ.—One of the stones with which St. Stephen was stoned.—The column to which our Saviour Jesus Christ was tied to be scourged.—In the Church of Mary in Traspontina there is an image of our Saviour Jesus Christ who spoke to the holy apostles Peter and Paul while they were scourged.—Some milk of the Blessed Virgin.—In the Church of St. Mary in Trastevere there is a stone on which the angels knelt during the martyr of St. Peter on the Janiculus.—In the Church of St. James Scossacavalli, there is a stone on which Abraham tied Isaac to sacrifice him.—In the Church of St. John in Laterano, the head of St. Zacharias, confessor and father of St. John the Baptist.—The head of St. Panerazio, martyr, which bled profusely for three days and three nights, while this holy church was a prey to flames.—A cup in which St. John the Apostle and Evangelist drank poison, by order of the Emperor Domitian, without being injured; and his ministers having shortly after tasted it, died immediately.—A garment of said St. John, which, being put on those who died from poison, immediately brought them to life.—Some of the towel with which our Saviour Jesus Christ wiped his blessed hands after the last supper.—Some of the sheet with which our Saviour Jesus Christ wiped his apostles' feet.—A purple robe with which our Saviour Jesus Christ was despicably dressed in Pilate's palace which still bears some spots of blood.—The veil of the Blessed Virgin, with which she could scarcely hide the nakedness of her only son, while on the cross, still spotted with blood. Some blood and water which dropped from our Saviour's side while hanging dead on the cross.—The altar which St. John the Baptist used in the desert.—Some of the rods of Moses and Aaron.—*Crusader.*

DULL CHILDREN.

No fact can be plainer than this: It is impossible to judge correctly of the genius or intellectual ability of the future man by the indications of childhood. Some of the most eminent men of ages were remarkable only for dulness in their youth. Sir Isaac Newton in his boyhood was inattentive to his study, and ranked very low in school until the age of twelve. When Samuel Wythe, the Dublin schoolmaster, attempted to educate Richard Brinsley Sheridan, he pronounced the boy an "incorrigible dunce." The mother of Sheridan fully concurred in this verdict, and declared him the most stupid of her sons. Goldsmith was dull in his youth, and Shakspeare, Gibbon, Davy, and Dryden do not appear to have exhibited in their childhood even the common elements of future success.

When Berzellus, the eminent Swedish chemist, left school for the university, the words, "Indifferent in behaviour and of doubtful hope," were scored against his name; and after he entered the university, he narrowly escaped being turned back. On one of his first visits to the laboratory, when nineteen years old, he was taunted with the inquiry whether he "understood the difference between a laboratory and a kitchen." Walter Scott had the credit of having "the thickest skull in the school," though Dr. Blair told the teacher that many bright rays of future genius shone through that same "thick skull."

Milton and Swift were justly celebrated for stupidity in childhood. The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say that, if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising. Clavius, the great mathematician of his age, was so stupid in his boyhood, that his teacher could make nothing of him till they tried him in geometry. Carraci, the celebrated painter, was so inapt in his youth, that his masters advised him to restrict his ambition to the grinding of colours.

"One of the most popular authoresses of the present day," says an English writer, "could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said, as everybody did learn, with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen, the apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work; and, before thirty, had published thirty volumes." Dr. Scott, the commentator, could not compose a theme when twelve years old; and even at a later age, Dr. Adam Clark, after incredible effort, failed to commit to memory a poem of a few stanzas only. At nine years of age, one who afterwards became a Chief Justice in this country, was, during a whole winter, unable to commit to memory the little poem found in one of our school-books.

Labour and patience are the wonder-workers of man—the wand by whose magic touch he changes dross into gold, deformity into beauty, the desert into a garden, and the ignorant child into the venerable sage. Let no youth be given up as an incorrigible dolt, a victim only to be laid upon the altar of stupidity, until labour and patience have struggled with him long enough to ascertain whether he is a "natural fool," or whether his mind is merely enclosed in a harder shell than common, requiring only a little outward aid to escape into vigorous and symmetrical life.—*Journal of Education.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Mrs. Stowe has in the press a "Record of her Travels Abroad," with illustrations by herself. It will be in two volumns, and published in December next.—*London Weekly News.*

—— Eggs of hens and ducks and other poultry, commonly eaten as food in this kingdom, are in point of quantity almost incredible. The aggregate number cannot be less than 1,500,000,000, and the value, at the lowest prices, three millions sterling. Ireland produces nearly 500,000,000 eggs. The London and North-Western Railway Company frequently receive at their station in Liverpool, in one day, from Ireland alone, upwards of one million of eggs, and forward them into the manufacturing districts.

——Mr. Cobden on Spirit Drinking.—The following letter was lately received in answer to an inquiry addressed to Mr. Cobden as to the best mode of "opening the trade in spirits": "Midhurst, Nov. 9, 1853. Sir: In reply to your inquiry, I venture to suggest that the best way of dealing with the monopoly of spirits is to abstain from drinking them, which, for upwards of twenty years, I have done. Depend on it, they are nothing better than slow poison, even if taken moderately. What they are when taken in excess the records of our jails, lunatic asylumns, and coroners' inquests will inform you; and I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.—Richard Cobden."

—— A Singing Mouse.—The *Suffolk Chronicle* relates that a Mr. Hawkins, of Monks Eleigh, has for several weeks past heard in his house one of these musical little creatures. There appeared to be at first a family of about seven or eight in number, but only one of them a singer. This one is easily distinguished from the others, as it slightly differs in colour, and has a white star on its bosom. It generally keeps in the cellar during the day, but as soon as the evening comes on, it leaves that habitation, and during tea and supper time it sits at one end of the room, almost erect, singing till the family go to bed. Recently it has gained access into the bed-rooms, generally singing until midnight. So soft and pleasant is its note, though with but little variation, that it is pronounced to far exceed many birds. The warbling of the throat while singing resembles that of a canary. Several attempts to catch it have been made, but it appears too cunning to be caught in a trap.

——Lord Palmerston's Letter to the Edinburgh Presbytery.—The question of a "fast day" with reference to the cholera, handled in Lord Palmerston's letter to the Edinburgh presbytery, was brought before the synod of Lothian on Tuesday, which decided in support of a fast. The motion was opposed by Dr. Barclay and Dr. Cook. The latter urged that it would be better to tell the people who were committed to their care that they had been too negligent of those means which they were enabled to use for the mitigation of the disease While much had been done for the comfort of the rich, and for the improvement of their dwellings, little had been done for the comfort or for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. Dr. Barclay agreed with the spirit of Lord Palmerston's letter, the sum and substance of which was, that God required them to use means before they could hope for his blessing. Dr. Muir expressed himself very much shocked at the language of Dr. Barclay. Tuesday the 29th was named as the day of humiliation.—*Scotch Paper.*

—— We live and learn. We (*Liverpool Albion*), never knew until last week, what were *white bears*. A young curate was lately inquiring from a veteran clerical how often the churn might be inverted and the same sermon be ventured upon before the same congregation. "That," replied the spiritual Nestor, "depends upon circumstances, and different men have different notions on the subject. Some lazy fellows in the country have only three months' stock, some six months, some twelve. But my own opinion is that a sermon is reproducible in three years, unless there are *white bears* in it." "Unless what! *White bears!* What, in the name of goodness, are *white bears?*" "By *white bears*," rejoined the man of wisdom and experience, "I mean flourishing, and striking, and eloquent passages or illustrations, which are likely to survive somewhat longer than mere commonplace in the memory of the hearer. In that case I was going to say that a sermon with *white bears* in it cannot safely be brought out again under six years at least."

A "Good Character."—The following is a copy of a letter to the Lincoln County Magistrates, given as a good character by a farmer near Saxilby to one of his labourers, who was summoned before them for a drunken brawl:

"Gentlemen: I have known the bearer for more than twenty years, and in all that time can say that I never saw him abusive, or insulting in company. I have seen him various times in liquor, but not more boisterous or unruly than other silly drunken folks. As I don't live in the town, perhaps I have not seen him in his worst fits. He is a hard-working poor man; and on Saturday night he sometimes gets a sup of beer, and as he would be ashamed to put his nose into a half-pint mug, he, of course, for credit's sake, calls for a pint or a quart, as more becomes him. Thus getting his ale at distant times, it seems so good that, after getting one quart, which about half quenches his spark, he must have another to give him a good slack. Then, alas! when he gets home, Polly begins the old game; for she is at all times a most bitter —— ——. He, on his part, being somewhat weak in the head at these times, as is generally the case when he has had two quarts of B——'s ale, begins to reply to reason the case, but you all know a man had as good blow against the wind as reason with a woman, and especially Polly; so they talk louder and louder, each wanting to be heard, and deafening the other, so that neither side can tell what is said; and thus they go on till, being bodily spent, or the fuel of rage is spent on one side and the fumes of the ale overpowers the other, sleep comes on and silences them both, and when they awake they forget it all; but not so the neighbours, for by the strength of their lungs on each side, in their thundering contentions, they have kept all the neighbourhood awake for a quarter of a mile round. Perhaps the man is not so much to blame as may appear at first, for he is naturally, hereditarily, and constitutionally of a hot thirsty nature: his father was, and also his grandfather; and, if I mistake not, his grandmother too; and here we may find reason for palliation, if not excuse. So I pray you, Gentlemen, to be a little lenient. I hope his offence is not great (though I know nothing of the affair), give him a reprimand this time, if you please, and you shall have the thanks of your humble servant,

—— ——."

——The Relatives of Sir John Franklin.—"One of the Public" animadverted on the unfeeling conduct of the Rev. John Philip Gell, the son-in-law of John Franklin, in the columns of the *Times*, in reference to Sir John's private fortune. Mr. Gell replied, declaring that "the insinuation is simply untrue, that I have menaced Lady Franklin with legal proceedings to compel her to produce and prove her husband's will. The comparison of our respective incomes is simply untrue, as might be expected from 'One of the Public' entering into the domestic affairs of a private family; but my 'impecuniosity' sits lightly upon me, and I am content to know, that though I did leave Van Diemen's Land poorer than I went there, it was no disparagement in Sir John Franklin's eyes, when I solicited from him the hand of his only child. My wife and children are his child and grand-children, and I trust his wife will learn some day that they are hers also, when the fever of excitement is past, and she sees that our counsel and advice would have been more valuable to her than the wild schemes of needy and sometimes unprincipled adventurers, who have made their account in practising upon her passions and feelings." "One of the Public" returns to the charge in Wednesday's *Times*, and is prepared to prove that—1. Two years ago Mr. Gell, satisfied of Sir John Franklin's death, and anxious for his succession, made formal application for a day to be fixed whereon to prove his will. 2. For more than two years he has endeavoured to obtain the withdrawal of money from Sir John Franklin's account at the banker's, and to have it distributed as it would be in the event of his being indeed dead. 3. He has threatened proceedings in Chancery. 4. He has refused to consent to date Sir John Franklin's presumed death from the period—if it shall ever arrive—when his name shall be struck off the books of the admiralty. 5. He is said to regard it as a great concession that he has consented to wait until the return of Sir Edward Belcher, and from that period to date his presumption of Sir John Franklin's death. To this "A Relative of the Family" adds, in reference to the closing sentence in Mr. Gell's letter: "The adventurers thus darkly alluded to can be no others than Forsyth, Kennedy, Inglefield, and, lastly, poor Bellot, who is now mourned by two nations—all of whom organized and commanded Lady Franklin's private expeditions, and, to their honour be it recorded, gave their services gratuitously."

——The Earl of Leicester and the Romance of Amy Robsart.—The character of this nobleman, as it has come down to us, is so objectionable, that the regard which Elizabeth is known to have felt for him has been of itself considered to be almost a presumption of the truth of the intrigue between them. From an early time those who most admired her felt a difficulty in accounting for it, and Camden is even driven to have recourse to a conjunction of the planets. But if Camden's judgment of Leicester's real character be anything near the truth, there is no occasion to look so far, and modern historians would find it difficult to recognize their own idea in the portrait which he has left us. Elizabeth had been the companion of the young Dudleys in her childhood; she had grown up with them at the court of her father, and in later years Lord Robert had been her companion in imprisonment in the Tower. She had thus been long and closely acquainted with him, and, in addition to the associations of early friendship, she knew him to possess many high qualities which would be valuable in a public servant. While he was the most accomplished gentleman in England, he was second only to Cecil in the strength of his understanding, and second neither to him nor to any one in his attachment to his mistress. No one really competent to form an independent opinion can question this, and he had as yet given no cause either to her or to the world to suppose that he had qualities of a less creditable kind. What he afterwards became it is less easy to ascertain, but it is not undesirable to notice a few of the most glaring misconceptions about him which are generally prevalent, and which are wholly without authentic support. His marriage with Amy Robsart, which is supposed to have been secret, was a public and splendid ceremonial, and is recorded in Edward the Sixth's diary as having taken place at Sion House, before the court. She lived ten years with him, and not an authentic syllable has transpired to show that the connection was either unwelcome to her family or unhappy in itself. It is true that her death in 1560, before the circumstances of it were known, provoked injurious reports against Dudley, and Mr. Lever, an eminent protestant clergyman, wrote earnestly to Cecil, telling him the rumours which were current, and begging that an inquiry might be made. The suspicion naturally arose from Dudley's favour with Elizabeth, which had tempted him, it was supposed, to remove the obstacle which lay in the way of his ambition; and this suspicion the reading and writing public, always disposed to believe the worst whenever it is possible, have been generally agreed to accept for an acknowledge fact obviously and certainly true. It still remained incredible, however, to some persons, that if Dudley was really at the time believed to have been guilty of such a crime, and if the suspicion had clung to him, he could have been allowed to remain on terms of confidential intimacy with Elizabeth; and recent discoveries have now justified their incredulity and placed his innocence beyond question. The government had anticipated Mr. Lever's request. An inquest was held at Cumnar, which was purposely made as strict as possible; the jury were composed of substantial Oxfordshire country gentlemen, and amongst them personal enemies of Anthony Foster, at whose house Lady Dudley died; the result was a distinct declaration that the death was "a very misfortune." There was no unwillingness in the jury to find foul play, if there had been foul play to find, as may be seen in the report of the investigation; and Dudley, with an evident consciousness of the liability to suspicion to which his position exposed him, urged them by every means in his power to be as strict and as careful as possible. He had no reason to fear that inquiry would convict him, but he had every reason to fear the want of inquiry, which might leave him open to calumny.

It is remarkable that every one of the heaviest charges against Leicester breaks down in the same manner. There is not one which will bear investigating; both this story of the murder and all the rest are taken from a pamphlet, written by Parsons, the Jesuit, called "Leicester's Commonwealth, otherwise Father Parson's Green Coat," which acquired an infamous notoriety as the most lying of all the lying publications of the day; and it is hard to know why what was then infamous should, by mere lapse of time, have become honourable and credible. A circumstantial reply to it was published by authority, and a volunteer answer, which is one long blaze of scorn and indignation, by Sir Phillip Sidney. According to Sir Phillip Sidney, who knew him long and intimately, the Earl of Leicester was a cavalier *sans reproche*, a noble and a gallant gentleman, and we cannot tell why Sidney's word is not as good as that of Father Parsons. The latter we know could lie, and Sidney has always seemed to us a man who could not if he had tried. Lord North, writing to Burleigh on Leicester's death, speaks of him as having "in his life advanced the glory of God, loyally served his sovereign, and lived and died with honour;" and regards his death "as a great and general loss to the whole land." What a mockery if he were the monster which he has been described! We have not the slightest hope of convincing the English public that a fact of which they are so indignantly certain, is no more than a mistake; we shall be satisfied if they will acknowledge that there is something to be said on the other side of the question, and will take some occasion hereafter (such of them as are disposed to write or publish anything on the subject) to read the account of Leicester which they will find in the "Sidney Papers."—*Fraser's Magazine. Article: Morals of Queen Elizabeth.*